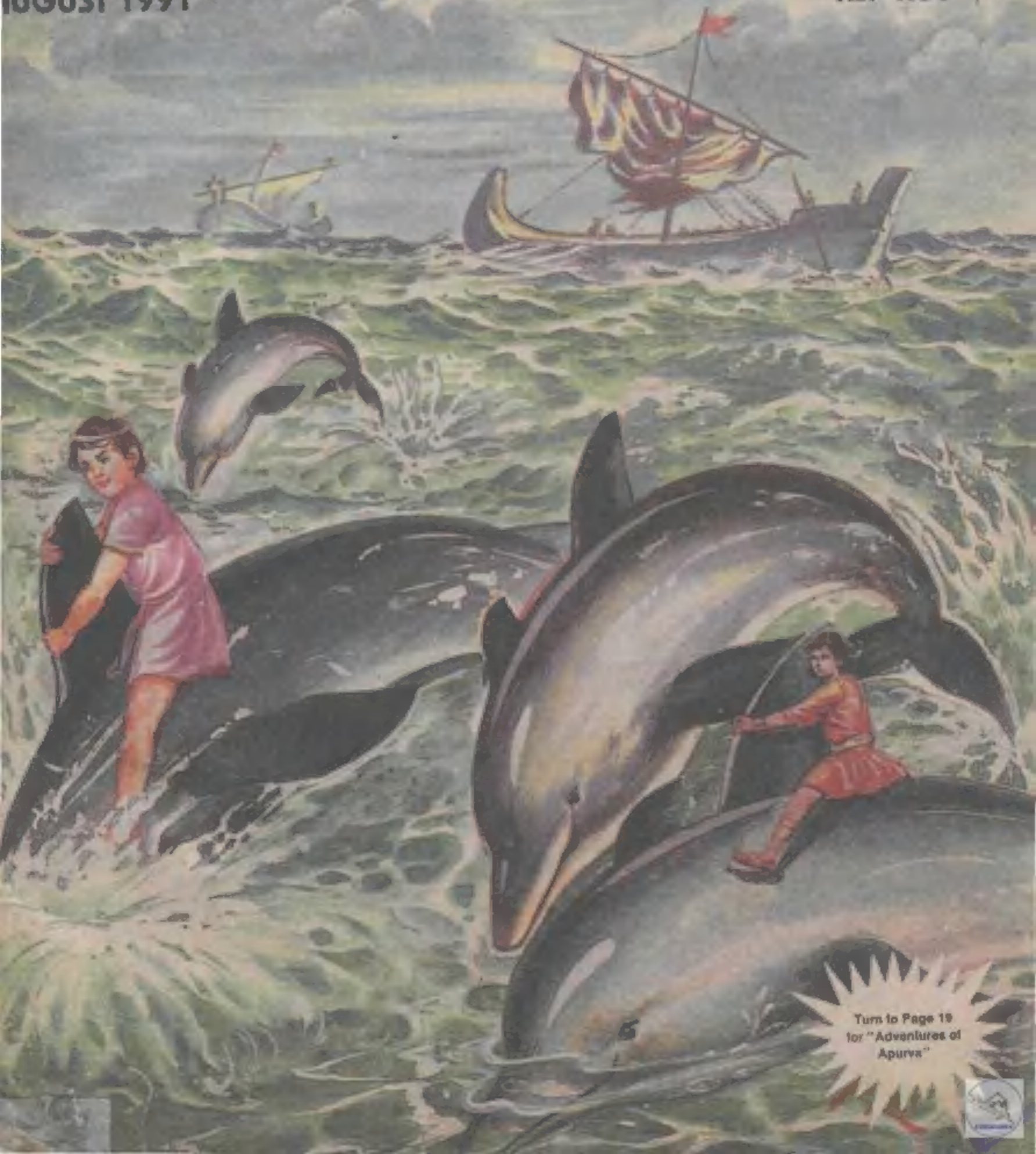


CHANDAMAMA

AUGUST 1991

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Turn to Page 19
for "Adventures of
Aparna"



Biku, John, Abik, Salim, All waiting for their birthdays.



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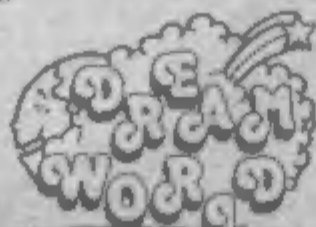
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RULES • Contest open to all current Junior Quest subscribers, and to all those who subscribe before September 30, 1991. • All entries must be accompanied by the special Dream World Contest coupon, available in the July, August and September 1991 issues of Junior Quest. Along with your current subscription number or a subscription coupon. • In case of a tie, a lucky draw decides who wins the free trip to the USSR. • The decision of the judges will be final and binding. • We will not be responsible for entries lost or damaged. Incomplete entries will be disqualified. • Entries become the property of the Chandamama Combines Publications Division, with the right to publish any of the winning entries. • The results will be published in a future issue of Junior Quest. • The winner is responsible for all passport and Bank formalities.

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OUR PRIME MINISTER

CHANDAMAMA extends a warm welcome to India's ninth Prime Minister, Shri P.V. Narasimha Rao.

It goes to the glory of Andhra Pradesh that one of her noble sons now occupies that prestigious position. To Shri Narasimha Rao, his rise to the pinnacle of a political career spanning nearly four decades is a fitting tribute to his services to the motherland in various capacities,

starting with a membership of the State Assembly from 1957, Ministership, and the post of Chief Minister, followed by his foray into the national politics in 1977 as a Member of Parliament, and Minister from 1980 in charge of External Affairs, Home, Defence, Human Resources Development, Health and Family Welfare, and a second stint in External Affairs.

Though he had declined to stand for this year's elections for personal reasons, Shri Rao was the consensus choice for the Prime Minister's post when the Congress (I) was invited to form the Government on the conclusion of the election process. The choice was not altogether unexpected, as he had earlier been asked to take over as President by the orphaned party, following the untimely demise of Rajiv Gandhi at the hands of a cruel assassin.

Besides the political qualifications mentioned above, what has endeared Shri Pamulaparti Venkata Narasimha Rao to the people is his erudition as reflected in his intimate knowledge of more than ten languages—Indian as well as foreign—and his literary accomplishments.

Children of the present-day generation will remember him mostly for formulating the National Policy on Education of 1986 and the programme of action emanating from that policy—including the establishment of Navodaya Vidyalayas all over the country.



CHANDAMAMA

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**And News Flash, Let Us Know
and More!**

NEXT ISSUE

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A SEA ENCOUNTER : As directed by Apurva, Samir joins the five boys kidnapped by pirates, intending to sell them in a slave market. Samir manages to find out from the pirates their strategy to board a merchant ship and plunder it by using the boys. Under the guidance of Apurva, Samir turns the table and helps the capture of the pirates. **ADVENTURES OF APURVA** goes more gripping.

MEETING WITH SITA : Hanuman is at last in the presence of Sita and keenly awaits a meeting. From his perch on the Ashoka tree, he overhears Ravana's pleadings with her to become his wife and how she spurns his overtures. Ravana then leaves it to the demonesses to prevail upon her, but they also do not succeed. Hanuman now stands before Sita. **VEER HANUMAN** details their first meeting.

THE TAILOR'S WISHES : A tailor rescues a king and is granted three favours. He spells them out, but the king is disappointed.

PLUS all the regular features, including the pictorial **PANCHATANTRA**.

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Controlling Editor:
NAGI REDDI



Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

RELIGION, FIRST PREFERENCE

A survey in the U.S.A. early this year is reported to have revealed that people there care most for one's religion and faith, among human values. Their next preference was for health, followed by education and knowledge, and then wealth.

There can be no element of surprise over this order of choice expressed by the people of such a highly developed country in the world. After they cut their link with their mother-country in the War of Independence (1775-83), the settlers in the American colonies thought of only their welfare. Having reached the ultimate in national and personal wealth in the next two hundred years, no wonder the people found time to turn towards religion and god.

Forty-four years after we ourselves gained freedom from foreign rule, where do we Indians stand? Listen to what one of our former Chief Justices of India has to say. Recently, at Bombay, Justice Bhagawati lamented that most of us have lost our love for our country, and there has been a tremendous erosion in values, consequent upon our craze for power and wealth.

Certainly, the situation cannot be beyond redemption, if only we remember our heritage and hoary past and recollect the values taught by our seers, sages, and savants, who lived with us at various times during the past five thousand years.



TOWARDS BETTER ENGLISH

OF BOTH BIG AND BAD

Santhosh Kumar Jain of Madras is a bit worried: someone has gone and told him that his friend is "in bad odour". He knows what 'odour' is; infact, he can "smell it". In some publications coming from the U.S.A, he has also seen the word spelt somewhat phonetically as "odor". He has come across bad smell, whenever he went past a dead rat. Why, as a resident of Madras, he must be familiar with the bad-smelling Cooum river that runs through the city. But how can anyone acquire a 'bad odour', he wonders. Maybe if someone does not take a bath regularly, he may cause body odour, which is quite bad enough. Can it be then his friend has failed to take a bath for a few days or few weeks? In this case, however, "bad odour" has nothing to do with bathing. A person with a bad reputation is "in bad odour". People detest bad smell; they will also detest whoever is "in bad odour"

Shivabhakta K. Gurung of Dombivli ~~was~~ attending the Film Awards ceremony. Manjunath's name ~~was~~ called, and the 12-year-old boy went up the stage to receive the Best Child Actor award. Gurung heard the compere shout into the microphone: "Give him a big hand!" Gurung did not understand. Would a sprightly lad like Manjunath really need someone's help to climb on to the stage? But the boy was already there, talking to the chief guest. Still he was asked to give him 'a big hand'. It was then that he noticed that the applause the boy got was louder than what the other actors and actresses received from the audience. So, 'to give someone a big hand' only means, the person deserves an applause with (great) enthusiasm.

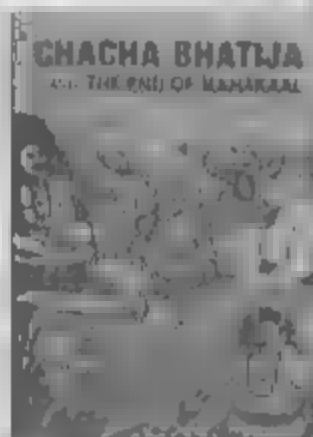
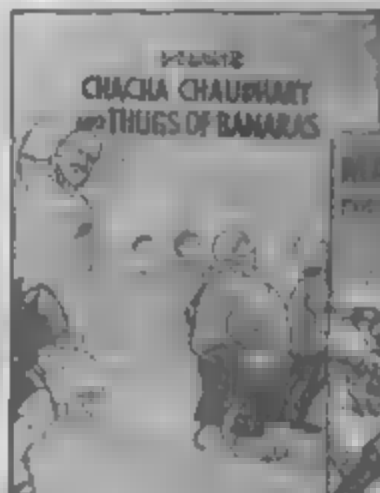




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Peace Returns to Cambodia

An end to the 12-year-old civil war in Cambodia has ■ last been sighted, with the three rebellious groups coming to an agreement with the Phnom Penh Government to share the membership of the Supreme National Council sponsored by the United Nations as a peace-seeking panel.

Also known as Kampuchea, Cambodia was part of French Indo-China till it was occupied by Japan during World War II. Following the Japanese sur-

render in 1945, it went back to France, but gained full independence after the French withdrawal in 1953.

However, the popular rule of Prince Norodom Sihanouk came to ■ sudden end in 1970 when he was deposed by Lon Nol, who enjoyed U.S. support. The Prince went into exile. Lon Nol himself was overthrown five years later by the guerilla group, Khmer Rouge, whose three-year rule was marred by starvation deaths

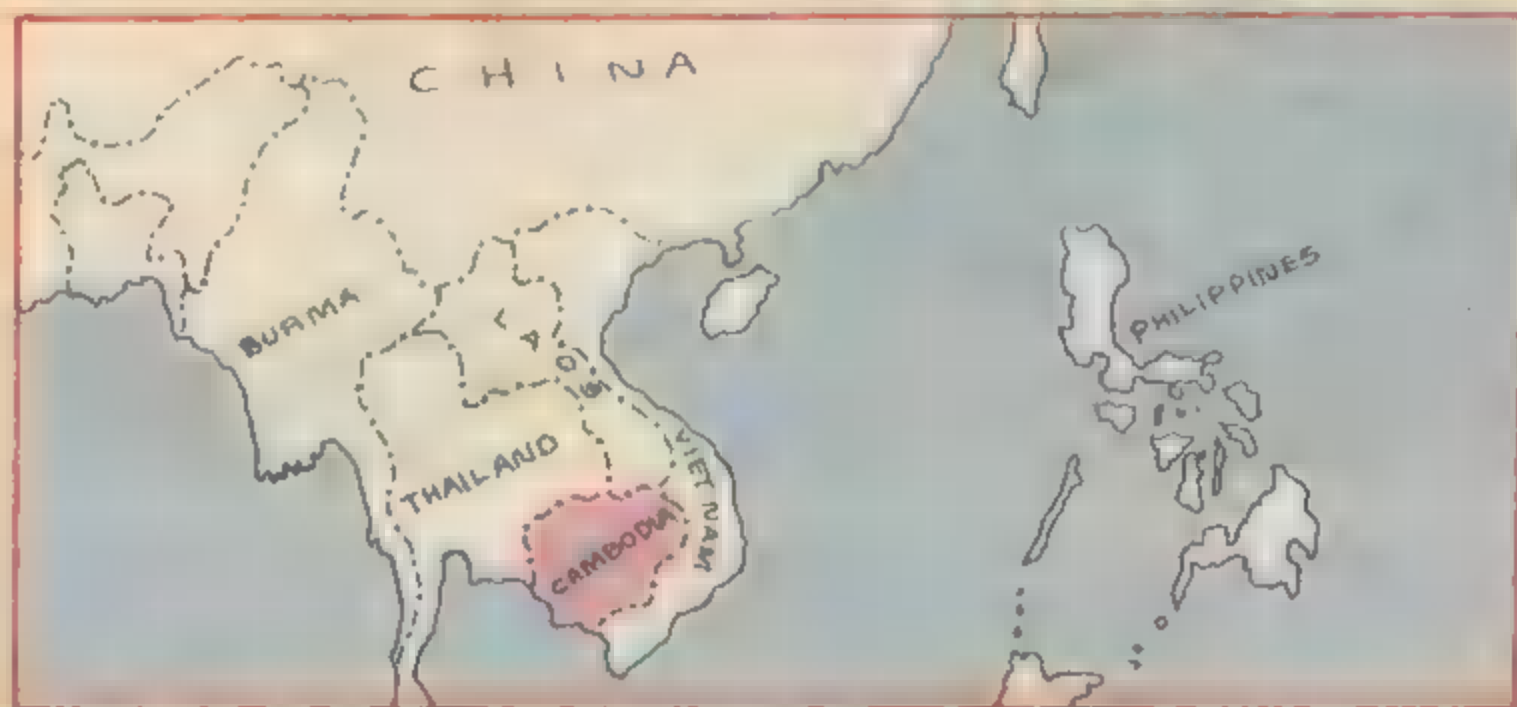
and slaughter of nearly a million Cambodians. Neighbouring Vietnam overran the country and installed a government with Heng Samrin as head of state in 1979. The subsequent withdrawal of its troops by Vietnam paved the way for insurgency, which continued for 12 long years affecting the country's agriculture-based economy.

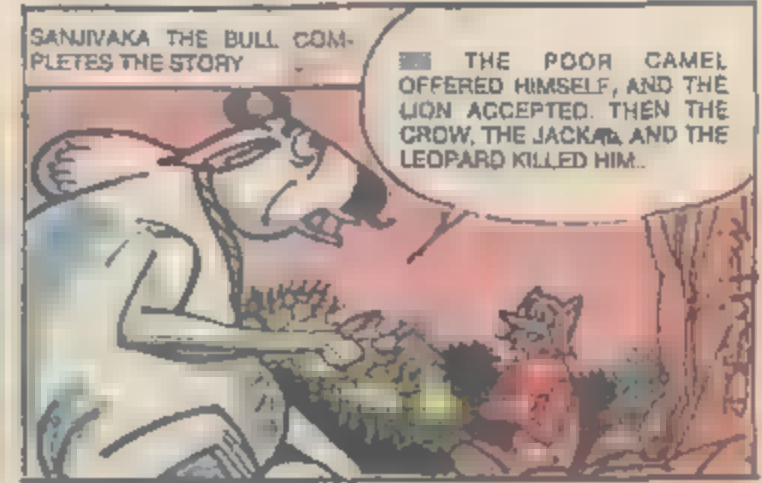
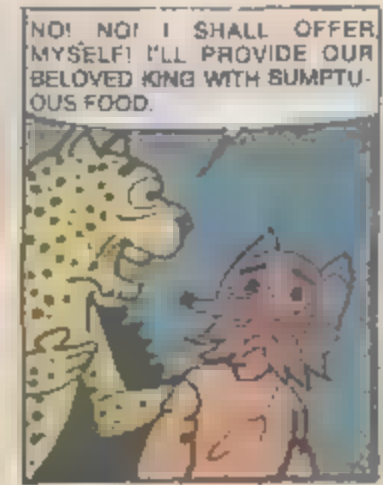
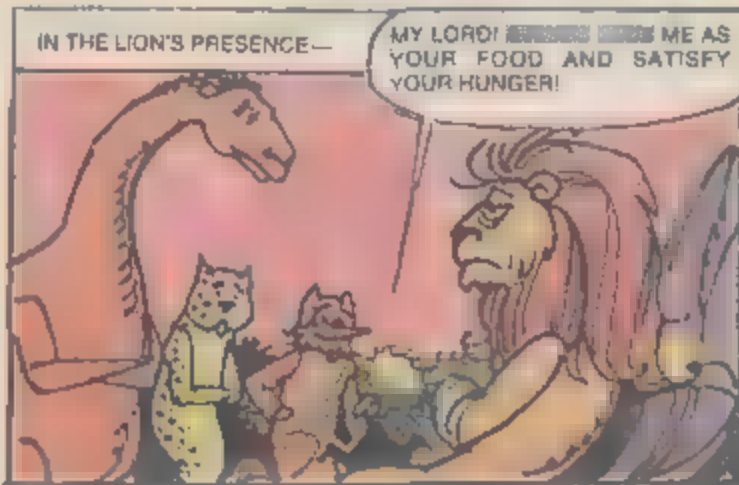
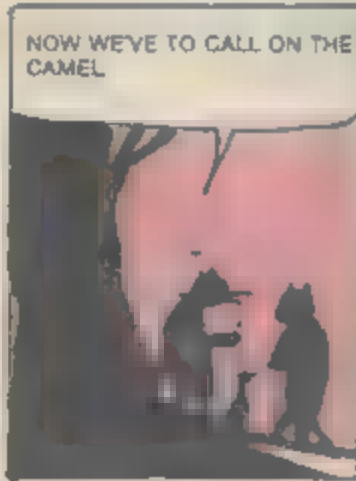
Recent parleys held in the Indonesian capital, Jakarta, and Pattaya, in Thailand, have resulted in an agreement that the three warring guerilla factions, comprising the forces loyal to Prince Sihanouk, Khmer Rouge, and the Khmer People's National Liberation Front, will be represented on the Supreme National

Council. The Prince will be the Chairman and the present Prime Minister, Hun Sen, will be the Vice-Chairman.

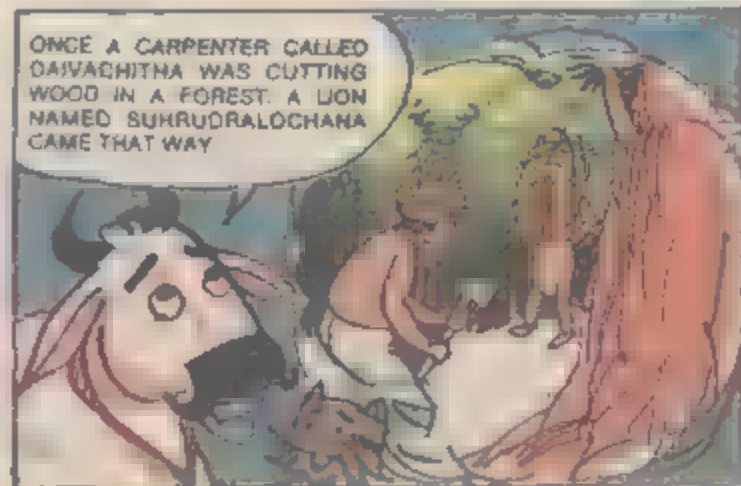
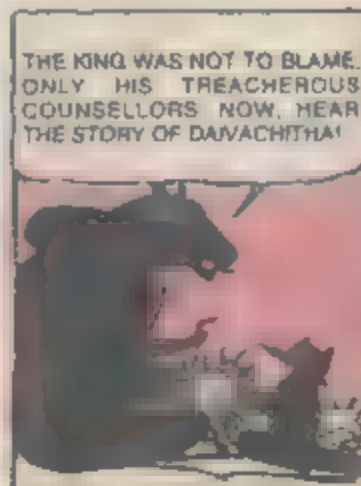
As Prince Sihanouk has announced his decision to return to his homeland only in November, the Council will now meet in Bangkok, capital of Thailand, in August.

India had always had an affinity with Cambodia, which has the largest temple complex in the world, known as Angkor Wat. Now in ruins, it is believed to have been built in the 12th century, and comprises temples dedicated to Hindu gods and Buddhist shrines, besides palaces. Angkor was the capital of the ancient Khmer Empire.





सुवर्णपुष्पितां पृथ्वीं चिन्वन्ति पुरुषास्त्रयः ।
शूरश्च कृतविद्यश्च यश्च जानाति सेवितुम् ॥



The earth flowers with gold for three kinds of people to pluck
them: the valiant, the learned and one who knows how to serve.

THE LION USED TO GO ALONE TO THE CARPENTER EVERY DAY FOR LUNCH BUT ONE DAY, A JACKAL AND A CROW

COMRADE, NOWADAYS WE'RE STARVING. OUR KING IS SEEKING HIS FOOD IN SECRECY'

LET'S FIND OUT WHERE HE GETS IT.

NEXT DAY, THEY QUIETLY FOLLOW THE LION.

AHI SO, THAT'S WHERE HE GETS HIS FOOD!

NOW WE MUST GO BACK BEFORE HE RETURNS.

YES!

AFTER SOME TIME

MY LORD! YOU'VE FORGOTTEN US. YOU'RE GOING A-HUNTING ALONE. PLEASE TAKE US WITH YOU.

NO! I CAN'T TAKE YOU!

PLEASE!

I'VE GIVEN MY WORD TO THE FRIEND WHO BRINGS ME FOOD EVERY DAY.

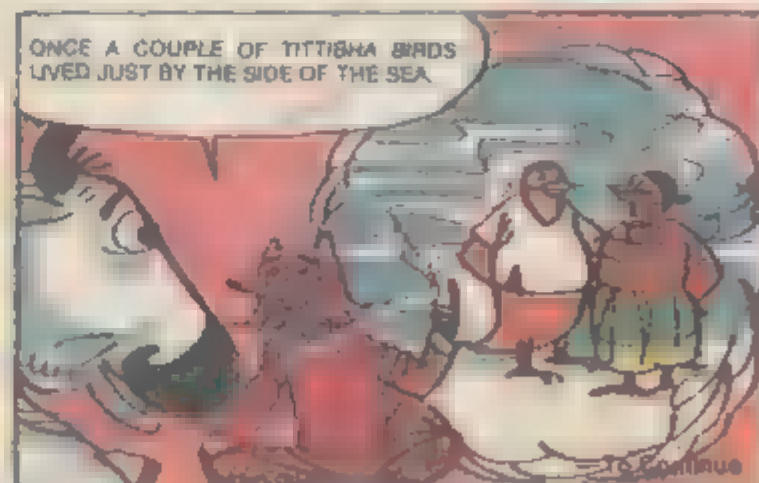
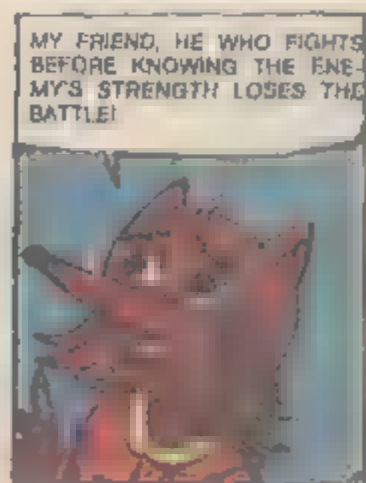
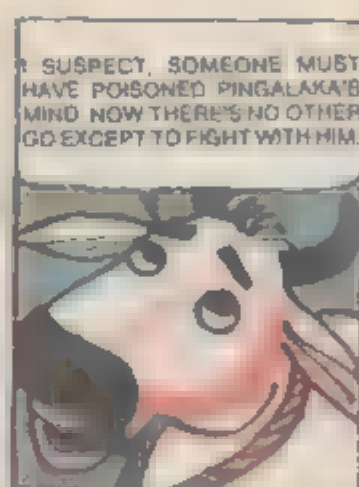
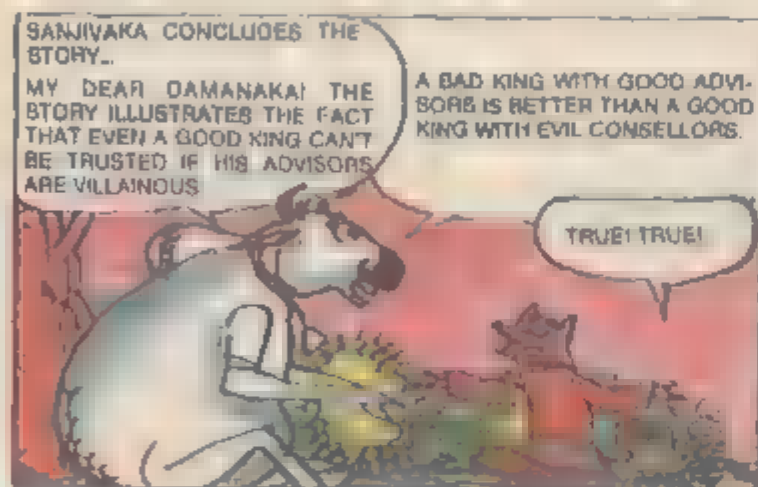
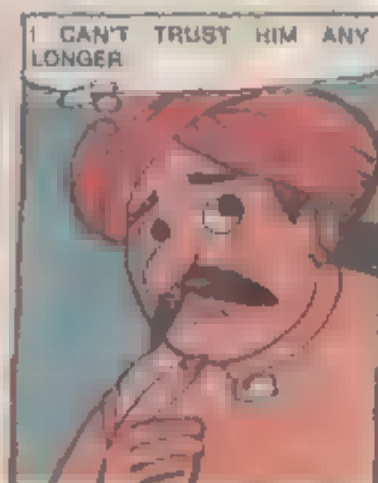
WE'RE STARVING. PLEASE KILL HIM AND PROVIDE US SOME FOOD FOR US, TOO.

NO! NO! I CAN'T. HE'S MY FRIEND. I'VE ASSURED HIM OF SAFETY.

AT LEAST TAKE US WITH YOU. WE, TOO, SHALL TASTE HIS FOOD. WE'RE HUNGRY.

ALL RIGHT! FOLLOW ME!

पराचः कामाननुयन्ति दालास्ते मृत्योर्यन्ति विततस्य पाशम् ।
अथ धीरा अमृतत्वं विदित्वा ध्रुवमध्रुवेष्विह न प्रार्थयन्ते ॥



The ignorant runs after false pleasures and falls into the wide net of death. The wise knows what is eternal; he does not expect anything of lasting value from the inconstant pleasures of life.

LEAVES FROM THE LIVES OF THE GREAT

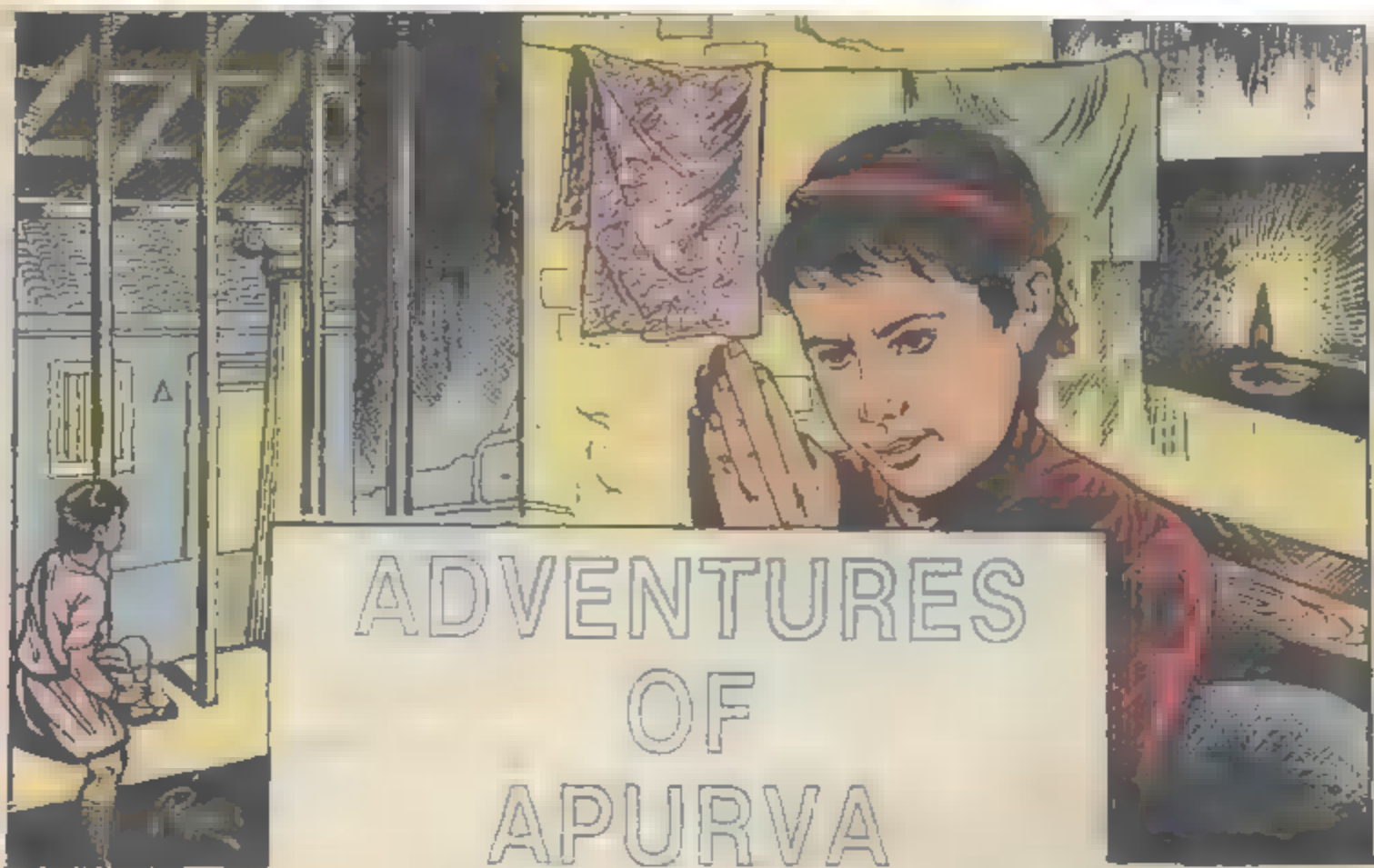
A PROTEST FROM TINGORE

It is exactly fifty years since that great son of India, Rabindranath Tagore, passed away—on August 7. Mention his name, and you immediately remember two of his great contributions to humanity—one in the shape of an institution, and the other the most widely known of his literary works. Tagore had started ■ school to promote art, culture, and craft, calling it Shantiniketan or Abode of Peace. In 1921, he founded Vishwabharati, turning Shantiniketan into a 'world university.' ■ maintains its unique character ■ today.

Earlier, in 1909 had appeared his *Gitanjali* in Bengali. With ■ English translation prepared by himself, Tagore went to England in search of ■ publisher. There he met an equally great poet, W.B. Yeats. In his Introduction to *Gitanjali*, Yeats wrote: "I have carried the manuscript about with me for days, reading it in railway trains, or on the top of omnibuses, and in restaurants, and I have often had to close it lest some stranger would see how much it moved me. These lyrics display in their thought the world I had dreamed of all my life long. The work of ■ supreme culture, they yet appear as much the growth of the common soil as the grass and the rushes." The book was published by the India Society in 1912. In 1913, Tagore was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. He ■ conferred with honours one after the other—including the knighthood in 1914.

However, the Jallianwallah ■ of 1919, in which thousands of Indians perished from British bullets, shocked the entire nation, and intellectuals like Tagore did not mince words to condemn the repression. As ■ protest, he renounced the British title. Though the British Government did not accept the renunciation, Tagore never used the title "Sir."





ADVENTURES OF APURVA



(Apurva, who emerged from a yajna performed by a yogi, has a very small human body, but has a noble mind and extraordinary powers. His mission is to fight against wickedness and cruelty.)

“**S**amir!”
Startled, Samir sat up in his bed. The voice was that of his saviour, Apurva. He least expected to hear it at that hour of the night.

Although Apurva was so small, Samir located him immediately and bowed to him.

“Samir, are you prepared to

take some trouble?” asked Apurva.

“I’m prepared to lay down my life for your sake,” replied Samir confidently.

“It’s not for my sake, Samir, but for the sake of five boys in danger.”

“I’m prepared to do anything you ask me to do,” asserted

THE NIGHT FIVE BECAME SIX!



Samir, once again.

Apurva said there was no time to lose. Samir must set out with him forthwith.

Samir's mother was reluctant to send him away. But when she learnt it was the angel who saved Samir who now wanted his service, she felt confident that no harm would come to her son.

Samir stepped out into the darkness holding Apurva's hand. As Apurva gathered speed, Samir felt extremely light, as if he was flying.

Both reached the seashore at great speed. A little away from the confluence where the river met the sea, a ship lay at anchor.

"Five boys were here, enjoying ■ picnic. They were naturally curious about the ship. The captain of the ship very genially asked them to go aboard. He guided them into the different cabins and showed them how the sails are hoisted and how the anchor is laid. When the boys thanked him and wanted to return to the shore, he offered them some drink. Soon the boys went into deep slumber. The ship will soon leave the shore. They propose to sell the boys at ■ slave market in a distant island!" reported Apurva.

"How did you know all this?" asked Samir.

"I happened to be there when the boys were taken to the ship by ■ small boat. I suspected the captain's motive. After they reached the ship, I too went there. Keeping myself hidden from them, I saw what they did and heard what they said."

"But how did you reach the ship?"

"The way both of us will reach the ship now. You've to guide the boys as I'll guide you from my hiding."

"You can comfortably hide. But how can I?" asked Samir.

"You cannot. You've to pose ■ one of the captive boys! There'll be some confusion among the

crew of the ship regarding the number of boys they have captured, but that will be fun. Now, are you ready for the voyage?"

"Ready!"

Apurva whistled, looking out into the sea. At once, splashing the water above the breaking waves came four dolphins swimming close to the shore. "Come on," said Apurva, giving Samir a push. Apurva and Samir climbed on to two dolphins. The other two dolphins swam escorting them.

"How could you tame these dolphins?" asked Samir.

"I have not tamed them. But you know, one universal spirit pervades the entire nature. There's a chord of understanding—very subtle though—passing through all the beings, be they humans or animals or birds. If you can touch that chord and send a message to a creature, and if your motive is good, the creature will respond. I can appeal to them through that subtle chord," explained Apurva.

"Can you inspire the same sense of cooperation in the hearts of men?"

"Not in the hearts of all men, because men are not guided by natural instinct. They are ruled by their minds. The mind is a very complex thing. It is dominated by



doubts, thoughts, and questions. But those who are very simple at heart and truthful or those who are dominated not by their minds but by their souls, can hear my call," said Apurva.

They had reached the ship. It was quite dark. Apurva thanked the dolphins in a whisper. Then both climbed onto the ship.

They peeped through the window of a cabin and saw the five boys lying asleep. They were still under the effect of the drink. The cabin was locked.

The two moved on, very quietly and under the cover of darkness, to peep into another cabin. The captain sat there conferring with



his assistants. A large number of swords, spears, spikes, and lathis were stored in that cabin. Samir was sure the ship belonged to a gang of pirates and the captain was the gang-leader.

"We must set sail without any more delay, before the boys' parents come looking for them," said the gang-leader.

"What if they come? They can't come to the ship without our permission!" said the fellow, who looked like the deputy leader.

"I don't want any unnecessary suspicions to focus on us. What can be avoided, must be avoided," said the leader, haughtily.

They came out on the deck.

Apurva and Samir hid in a dark nook. At the leader's instruction, the crew weighed the anchor and the ship began to move. The leader went and unlocked the cabin in which the boys lay. "Now there's no escape for them, unless they decide to jump into the sea and be dinner for the sharks!" said the deputy leader gleefully and both of them moved away from the door.

Apurva whispered to Samir, "Go and quietly lie down near the boys. There's no time to lose."

Samir slipped into the room immediately.

"Where do you propose to sell them? Ratnadveep?" asked the deputy leader.

"No, we'll sell them at a market on a smaller island I know of. Slave-traders from three or four places come there. We can bargain. This lot should get us a handsome price," said the leader.

There was some sound inside the cabin. The deputy leader turned and looked in. The lamp was dim. He entered the cabin and raised its wick.

"Each of them should fetch us a hundred gold pieces—five hundred in all," said the leader.

"I never knew you were so dull at arithmetic. A hundred multi-

plied by six does not make five hundred!"

"Fool! I didn't know you were so stupid. They are five in all, and not six."

"They are, of course, six!"

"Did you produce one extra from the air?"

"Come in and count," challenged the deputy.

The leader stepped into the cabin and counted. Indeed, there were six of them, not five. He took the lamp in his hand and looked at the faces of the sleeping boys carefully. He counted them again and again.

The deputy laughed. "Don't worry, leader! The more the merrier! Six hundred pieces of gold is better than five hundred. But you must apologise to me for calling me a fool. By now it is clear who is a real fool!"

The leader suddenly drew a dagger from his waist-belt. "You dare call me a fool?" he demanded.

"I did not. You called me a fool. I'm only returning the compliment!" said the deputy with a snigger.

"I'll call you a fool not once but a hundred times!" shouted the leader. By then several members of their gang had collected there. The open quarrel between their leader and their deputy leader surprised them. They knew for quite some



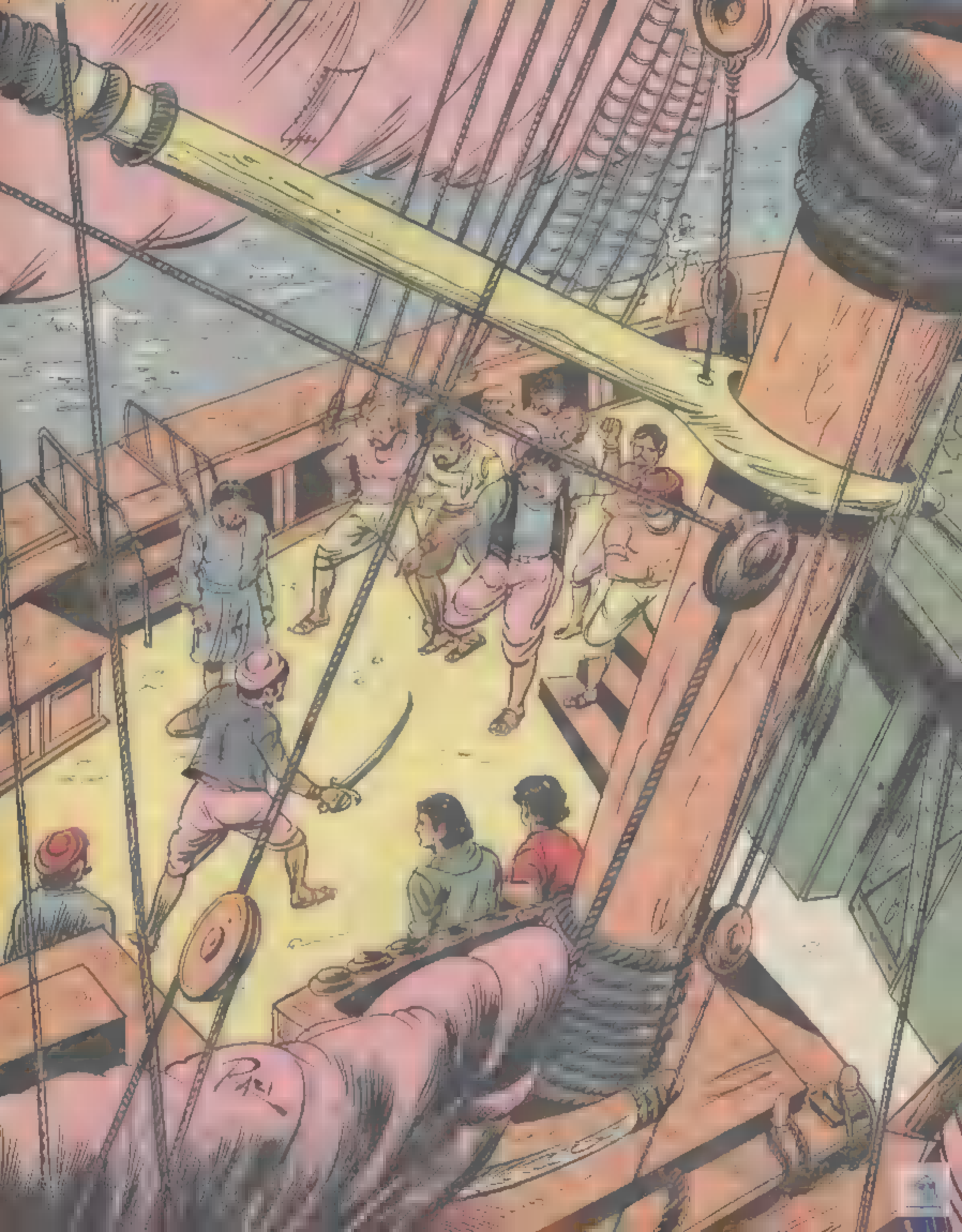
time that the two hated each other, but they had never suspected that the animosity would become so vocal all on a sudden.

But a far greater surprise awaited them.

"Don't dangle your silly dagger! I'm not one of those village boys to be cowed down by your threats!" said the deputy at the pitch of his voice.

"Silly dagger? That is what you call it? Do you wish to see how silly it is? The gang-leader took a step towards his deputy, raising the dagger.

The deputy took a step back. Then, at lightning speed, he picked up a sword from a hiding



and drove it straight through his leader's chest. The leader gave out a cry of horror and lay sprawled on his back.

The members of the gang stood stunned. Nobody moved; nobody spoke.

The silence was broken by the deputy leader who laughed aloud. Drawing the attention of his colleagues, he said, "He deserved this. None of you should forget what he did to our old leader. He killed him most treacherously, first making him drunk. Have I done anything treacherous? I used my sword more for saving myself than for killing him. Besides, he had begun to lose his senses? Can we afford to have as our leader a fellow who mistakes six for five?"

He then asked some of his trusted lieutenants to throw the leader's body into the sea. Nobody voiced any protest against his

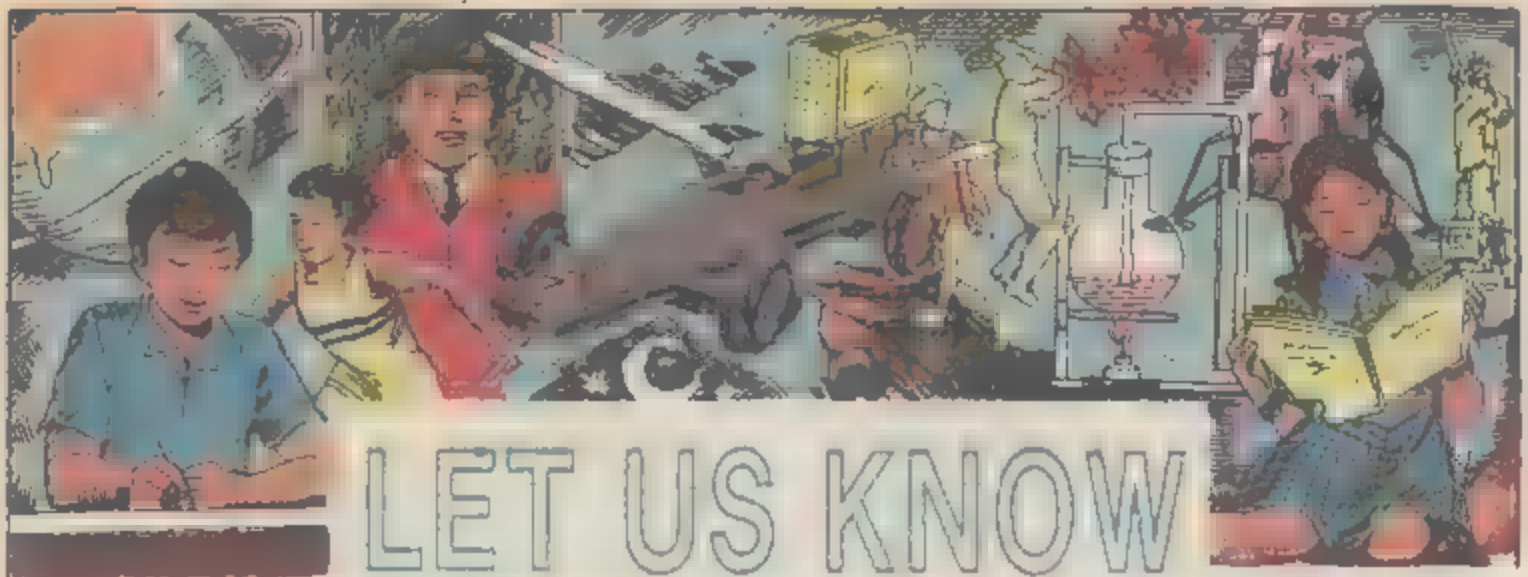
action. Two or three of them began to drag the body away. Others cleaned the deck of blood.

The quarrel had awakened the boys. As they tried to look through the window, Samir at once put out the lamp. He then told them in a whisper, "You're kidnapped by pirates. They plan to sell you as slaves. I'm here to help you out of the situation. Talk to me if I'm one of you. But do as I say. Now lie down and pretend to be asleep. You should not show that you know anything about their intention or anything about the quarrel that resulted in the murder of their leader. This will help us. If they know that we have found out their motive, they'll keep us prisoners."

The boys were dumbfounded. But they obeyed Samir's advice. They lay down once again.

— To continue





How can the chameleon changes its colours?

— N.Krishna Kanth, Jabalpur

Strangely, the chameleon has a transparent skin, beneath which are layers of cells containing yellow, black and red colouring matter. When these cells contract or expand, we can see a change in the colour of the chameleon. This happens when the chameleon gets angry or frightened—anger causing colours to darken, and fright bringing paler shades and yellow spots. Contrary to popular belief, the surroundings do not have any role in the chameleon's changing its colours, which is just a trick to become invisible to its enemies.

What does the abbreviation in HMS "Beagle" stand for?

— Aparna Ravi Raj, Hyderabad

His (or Her) Majesty's Ship (or Service).

What is the difference between clairvoyance and telepathy?

—S. Palani Samy, Nathakadayar

People gifted with these two qualities have extra-sensory capability to perceive things beyond the use of the ordinary senses. In clairvoyance, a special deck of cards is used to predict events, whereas in telepathy, an attempt is made to read the mind of another.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

More precious than gold

Peddapalem, now in Andhra Pradesh, was once a thriving village. The people there were mostly farmers, who worked in their fields from early morning till dusk attending to all routine work and taking great care of the produce, which was more than enough for their own use. Whatever they could spare was taken to other villages and was sold or sometimes even distributed free. Naturally, Peddapalem was often referred to as a model village. Whoever had heard of

the village wished to visit it at least once.

One day, a group of pilgrims from Kedarpuri in the north, accompanied by their wives, reached Peddapalem on their way to some of the well-known temples in the south. They decided to rest in the village for the day before proceeding on their way the next morning. The villagers extended to them their best hospitality and treated them to some of their special food.

The pilgrims found the food





very tasty, and while they sat with the villagers in the night around a bonfire, the women started talking about the food and the items that went into the preparation of the various dishes. The visitors discovered that much of the taste had come from a tiny elongated item, one end pointed, and looking a bright red. The villagers called it chilli and the pilgrims were certain that they had not tasted it earlier or even seen it grown in the region where they lived. In the morning, before they set out, they promised to stay in Peddapalem for a few days on their return journey.

Among the villagers gathered

the previous night was an enterprising youth named Balaraju. He, too, regularly worked on his farm, but ever since the pilgrims from the north had come and gone, he spent much time in thinking of trying his hand at some novel activities. He exchanged the extra crop of paddy he had for chilli and spread it under the sun for drying. By the time the pilgrims came back in about a month, Balaraju had about four or five sacks of chilli ready to be taken to Kedarpuri. He disclosed his intention to go with them and introduce chilli to the people of Kedarpuri. The villagers agreed to his absence for sometime, and even offered to look after his farm till he got back from his venture.

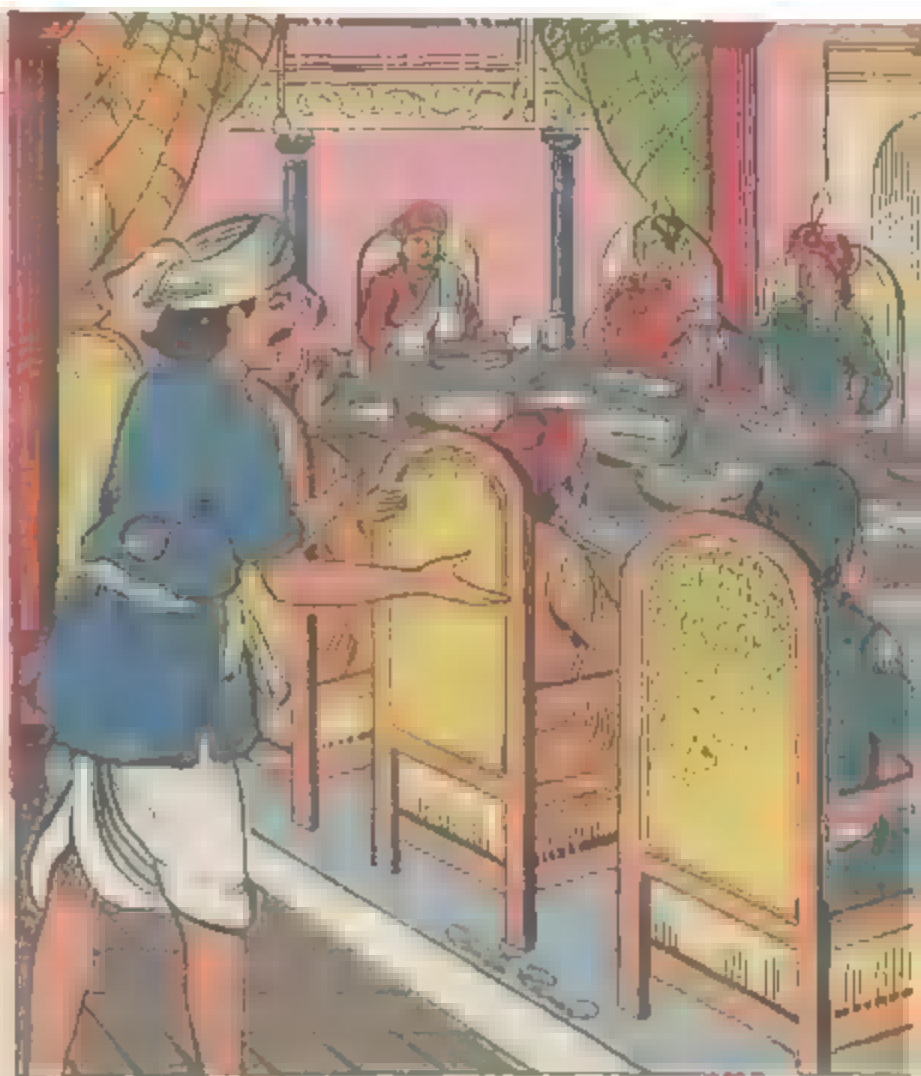
After all, he would not be able to carry all the five sacks of chilli himself and he did not wish to trouble the menfolk among the pilgrims. They were even otherwise weary. So, Balaraju very thoughtfully arranged for a bullock-cart to carry the sacks. The pilgrims one after the other helped themselves to a ride on the cart and before they knew, they were back in Kedarpuri.

Balaraju was invited to stay

with the seniormost among the pilgrims and his family. The very day of their arrival, the old man's wife tried preparing a dish using chilli; as the other members of the family found it tasty, it was suggested that they should share it with their neighbours, who happened to be one of the courtiers and his family.

To cut the story short, the word about chilli and its unique taste passed from one courtier to another, then from one minister to another. Along with chilli, Balaraju and Peddapalem, too, became popular topics at conversation among the people of Kedarpuri. By then Balaraju had already parted with a small quantity of the chilli that he carried to Kedarpuri. After all, he had to oblige the courtiers and ministers. But he knew a day would come when he would be able to dispose of the entire stock for money.

Soon, people were talking about the king's birthday and the royal dinner to which a galaxy of people were usually invited. It was the minister in charge of palace affairs who secretly arranged with the royal cook to use chilli in one of the dishes for the dinner. The invitees literally



sat up in their seats. "This is something we've never tasted!" exclaimed many of them. The king noticed the sudden hushed silence among his invitees, and he knew the reason when he himself tasted the dish.

He looked towards the queen, but she pleaded ignorance while affirming that she, too, liked the item. The king turned to the minister. He had half a mischievous smile on his face, but merely said, "Sire, let's send for the royal cook."

The cook was summoned. He did not come empty-handed. He was holding a full red chilli on his palm, and in whispers told the



king and queen how he had prepared the dish.

Not much time passed before the minister was asked to invite Balaraju to the court and the youth was ushered into the presence of the king. He asked Balaraju all about his village. Thoughtful as he was, Balaraju had taken with him a tiny chilli plant in a pot, which he carefully nourished during his stay in Kedarpuri. He presented the plant to the king and explained all that he knew about chilli and how to grow it.

The king asked him to fetch all the chilli he had brought from his village, and ordered that they be

distributed among the people. The king wanted everybody in Kedarpuri to enjoy its taste. In return, he also ordered that the five sacks be filled with gold coins for Balaraju to take to his village.

One can imagine what kind of reception Balaraju got on his arrival in Peddapalem. Though he all alone had taken the effort to collect the chilli and take it all the way to Kedarpuri, he did not wish to keep the gold for himself. He saw to it that everybody in the village got a share. Among them was another youngster, Kamaraju.

But Kamaraju was a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow. He used to wander in the forest, where he had come across pepper growing wild. It was not popular with the villagers, because they had little or no time to go to the forest and pluck pepper and dry it under the sun for use in the kitchen.

Kamaraju now had a brain-wave. He would collect at least a bagful of pepper and take it to Kedarpuri. And a bag would be something he could easily carry, and he would be able to sneak out of the village one night.

That's what he did. The thought of gold coins from the

hands of the king made his journey light, though he took more than a month to reach Kedarpuri, where he searched out the senior pilgrim and invited himself to stay with him. By and by, he befriended the courtiers and through them the ministers. Ultimately, he met the minister for palace affairs and told him all about his mission, giving him a handful of pepper.

The minister used it and found it tastier than chilli and decided to mention it, this time to the king instead of the royal cook. The king took the tiny black seeds on his palm and smelled them. He could not get any smell. However, he did not want to send away the youth from Peddapalem, for which he now had a good opinion. So, he ordered that the seeds be used for his dinner that night. The king, as well as the

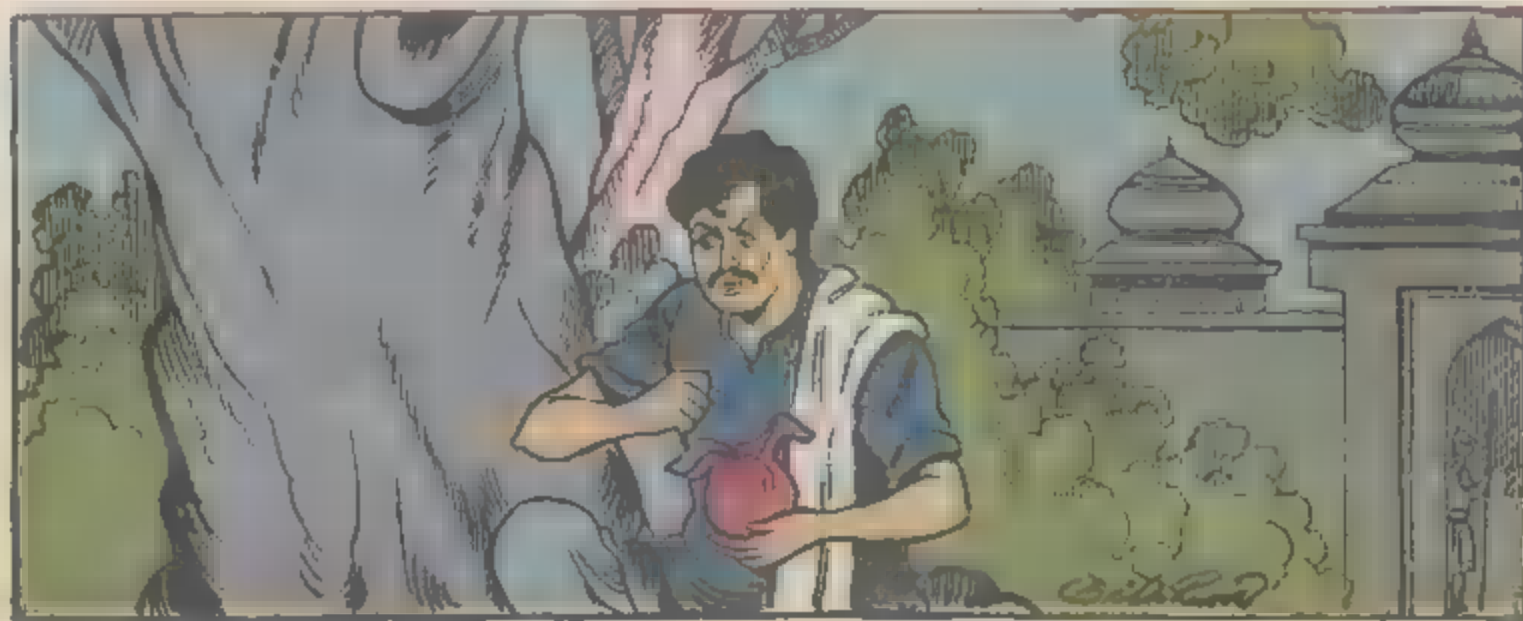
queen, were not disappointed.

The next day, Kamaraju was taken before the king, who graciously accepted the bagful of pepper and told Kamaraju that he wished to give him something more precious than gold.

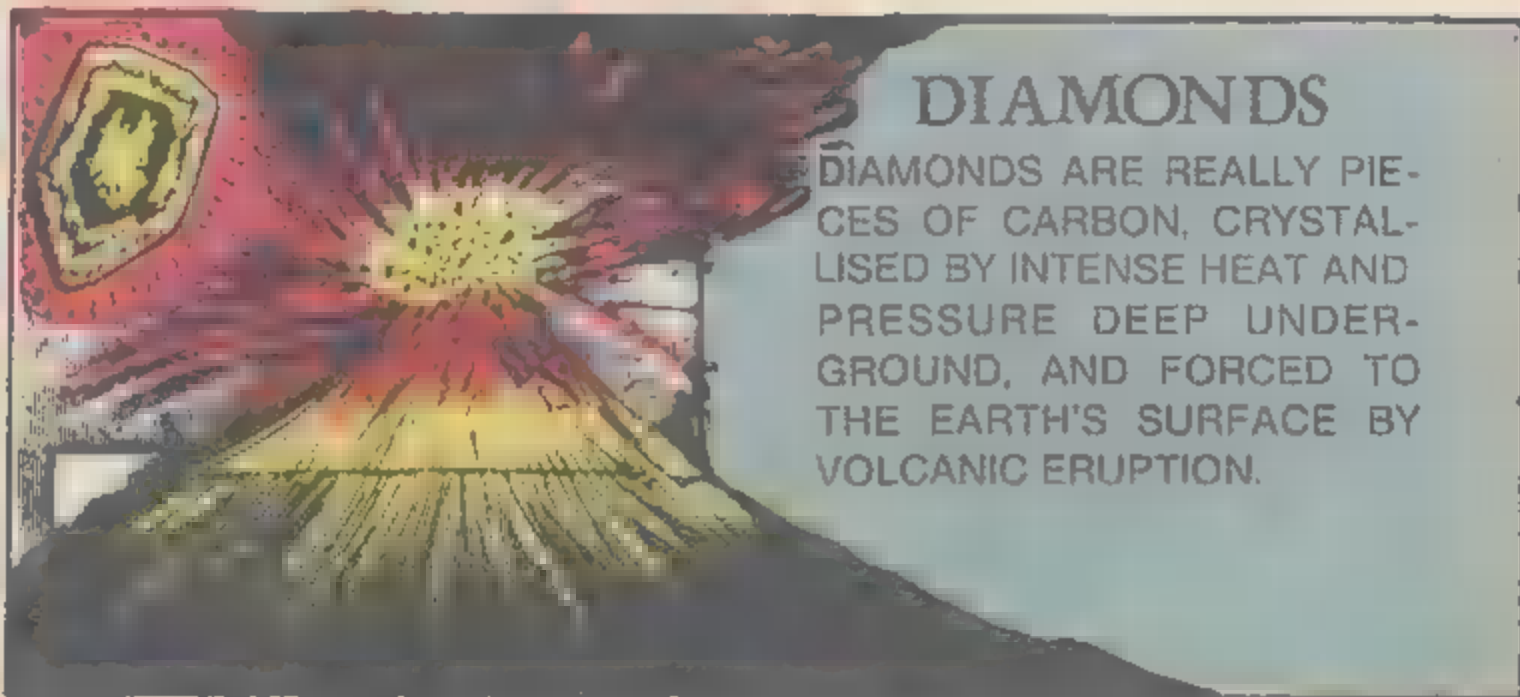
Soon the royal servant brought the bag to the king, and he handed it to Kamaraju. The young man thanked the king and bowed low before he turned and made his way to the palace gates.

Kamaraju was so excited that he did not remember to open the bag and see what it contained till he was some distance away from the palace. He was now feeling tired and sat under a tree to rest for a while. It was then that he opened the bag.

By now you must have guessed what it contained, haven't you? If you've not—it was red chilli.



WORLD OF NATURE



DIAMONDS

DIAMONDS ARE REALLY PIECES OF CARBON, CRYSTALLISED BY INTENSE HEAT AND PRESSURE DEEP UNDERGROUND, AND FORCED TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE BY VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

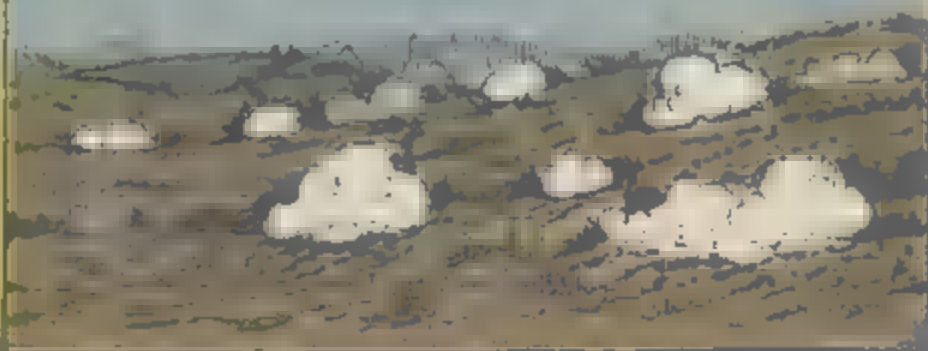
LIMPETS

THE LIMPET IS A TYPE OF MOLLUSC HAVING A CONICAL SHELL. IT CLINGS SO TIGHTLY TO ROCKS BY ITS DISC-LIKE FOOT THAT IT TAKES A FORCE OF NEARLY 2000 TIMES ITS WEIGHT TO DISLODGE IT.



THE VEGETABLE SHEEP IS A NEW ZEALAND PLANT, SO CALLED BECAUSE ITS WOOLLY LEAVES MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SHEEP GRAZING ON A DISTANT HILLSIDE.

Vegetable Sheep



CHANDAMAMA SUPPLEMENT - 34

INDIA OF THEIR DREAMS

"MOTHER INDIA IS NOT ■ ■ ■ OF EARTH"

Born on 15 August 1872 and educated in England, Sri Aurobindo, on his return to India in 1893, soon became the voice of resurgent India. He was the first nationalist leader of India to demand complete independence for the country. Once he knew that this goal was bound to be achieved, he went over to Pondicherry in 1910 and became engrossed in Yoga in order to bring down a power that would help humanity to take ■ new step in evolution. (Freedom came on his birthday in 1947.)

He had proclaimed, "Mother India is not ■ piece of earth; she is ■ power, a Godhead..." He had further said, "India cannot perish... it is to India that is reserved the highest and the most splendid destiny, the most essential to the future of the human race. It is she who must send forth from herself the future religion of the entire world, the Eternal religion which is to harmonise all religion, science and philosophies and make mankind one soul."

Let us remember this noble vision for our future.

Note : Subhas Chandra Bose was born in January 1897, and not in July as mentioned in the July issue, page 33.

DO YOU KNOW?

1. Which place in North India is popularly known as the "Valley of Gods"?
2. The present day Delhi is believed to have been the location of Indraprastha from where the Pandavas ruled. In between, it was the capital seven times with different names. What were they?
3. The mortal remains of ■ holy saint have been preserved in India in a silver-and-glass ■ for the past 300 years; people are allowed to see them once in 12 years. Name the saint and place.
4. Which is the "Pink City" of India? Why is it so called?

KRISHNA

The most widely worshipped Avatar of Vishnu is Krishna. In his playful childhood he was a dear friend of the cowherd boys of his village. He performed many a wonderful feat even in his childhood, culminating in the annihilation of Kamsa, the demoniac tyrant of Mathura. Later while he was the King of Dwaraka, war broke out between the Kauravas and the Pandavas. He guided the Pandavas, who represented higher values of life, to victory. On the eve of the war, he gave Arjuna a great spiritual message which is adored forever as the Gita.

While some love Krishna remembering his childhood, some others identify themselves with his playmates and treat him as a friend. Then there are others who look upon him as their guide. Thus he is approached differently—but as an incarnation of the Supreme Lord.

His birthday which generally falls in August-September, is celebrated with great enthusiasm.



NEWS FLASH

WITH LOVE FROM PICASSO

Thirty years ago, an admirer of the well-known painter, Picasso, sent him a cheque for 100 dollars (then Rs. 500) with a request for a sketch. The artist, instead of encashing the cheque, returned it with a signed drawing of a smiling devil on the reverse. This unique cheque was auctioned in London on June 24 for 3,960 pounds (Rs. 90,000).



Picasso



ONLY GIRLS

Gauyang is a village in the south-eastern province of Fujian, in China. Population-wise, it has a unique phenomenon. In the last 40 years, some 140 children were born in that village. Of them only 12 were male; all the others were girls. In fact, since 1976, all children born there have been female. Has the environment something to do with the gender? That's what scientists are now trying to find out.

LET US EXPLORE THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

1. One of Mulk Raj Anand's novels was rejected by nearly twenty publishers in England, till an Englishman wrote the preface. Who was he? Which was that book?
2. Our national seal contains the inscription "Satyameva Jayate". From where have the words been taken?
3. Name the most famous Indian literary work on dance. Who wrote it?
4. Who wrote the famous literary work '*Tahqiq-e-Hind*'?
5. Name two of the best known works of Bharatendu Harish Chandra, who pioneered the modern drama in Hindi.

ANSWERS

DO YOU KNOW?

1. In Kulu, every village has a deity and they are all taken out in procession in decorated palanquins once a year during the Dussehra celebrations.
2. Lal Kot, Siri, Tughlakabad, Jahanpanah, Firozabad, Purana Qila, and Shahjahanabad.
3. St. Francis Xavier, in the cathedral of Bom Jesus, in Goa.
4. Jaipur, the capital of Rajasthan. Raja Jai Singh, who founded the city, adorned it with rose sandstone buildings and gateways.

LITERATURE

1. E.M. Forster; *Untouchables* (1930).
2. From the Mundaka Upanishad. The words mean "Truth alone triumphs".
3. "*Natya Sastra*" by Bharata (muni).
4. Alberuni.
5. "*Satya Harish Chandra*" and "*Bharat Durdasa*".



New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire

WHO DESERVES REWARD?

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the trees. Between thunderclaps and the howls of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed up fearsome faces here and there.

But King Vikramaditya did not swerve a bit. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, ■■ soon as he began to cross the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the vampire that possessed the corpse spoke: "O king! Your valour is to be highly admired. I've no idea what your goal is. But for achieving it, you've forgotten your royal comforts; you're even willing to risk your life. Very few can do this. Do you know, sometimes clever people



do not receive recognition? They may even get insulted. Take the case of Govindavarman." The vampire then narrated the story.

The King of Soorapuri, was a cruel ruler. Soorasenan was not one who would be easily satisfied, and he craved for more. He wanted to annex the neighbouring kingdoms so that he could rule over a wider area. He looked for excuses to attack his neighbours—especially Swarnagiri. But the king there had a strong army, and Soorasenan knew his own army was no match for them. However, he waited for his

opportunity.

Luckily, one day he heard that the princess of Swarnagiri was enjoying a picnic with her friends in the nearby forest. He sent his soldiers to abduct the princess and take her captive. He then sent a letter to the King of Swarnagiri: "Your daughter is in my custody. If you wish to have her back, you must send me fifty thousand gold coins. Mind you, if you fail to comply with this demand and try to attack us, she will not remain alive and you will only see her dead body."

When the messenger reached Swarnagiri, the ageing minister, Krishnasarma, took the letter from him and read the contents. After consulting the king, the minister sent a reply through the messenger: "You go and tell your king that we will send him the ransom he has asked for in one month's time." After the messenger had left, the king turned to his minister: "How're you so sure that Soorasenan will free my daughter even if we were to pay the ransom? Can we believe his word?"

Krishnasarma assured the

king, "In fact, we're not going to send him even one coin. We've to rescue the princess somehow or the other. But for that, we'll need some time."

"How do you propose to achieve this?" asked the king anxiously.

The minister then explained the strategy he had in mind. "There's Govindavarman, who is the head of our secret service. Let him go and find out where the princess is being kept." The king agreed.

Govindavarman disguised himself like a fisherman and reached Soorapuri by the river on one side of that kingdom.

The passage to the city was well-guarded, but Govindavarman managed to get past the soldiers and entered the capital. He roamed for five full days before he gathered the information that the princess was being kept in an ancient fortress some distance away.

He reached the fortress by night. Hiding behind a tree, he made a good survey of the surroundings. Suddenly the leaves rustled and he turned to face a guard holding a torch. Govinda drew his dagger and put an end to him in a trice. The guard's shrieks attracted the other guards who ran to his





aid. Govindavarman had by then picked up the torch and set fire to the dry leaves lying all over the place. The fire soon spread to the trees and the guards took to their heels. Govinda took advantage of the situation and hurried back to Swarnagiri.

After attending to his wounds, Govindavarman went to the king and gave an account of all that had happened and a description of the fortress where the princess was being kept. The king was hoping that Govindavarman would bring more news of the princess. The minister also

remained silent, contemplating what could be their next strategy. He called for Kantasenana, one of the master spies in Swarnagiri. He bowed before the king and said he would go and try to rescue the princess.

The king was overjoyed. "Would you be able to do so? Anyway, better discuss with Govindavarman before you start."

"Sire, I don't think I should consult Govindavarman," said Kantasenana, respectfully. "I'm afraid he did not even make an attempt to meet her. And I won't be surprised if by now, she has been shifted to another place."

Both the king and the minister were struck by Kantasenana's argument. They decided to give him a chance as they found him intelligent enough to foresee the enemy's moves.

Kantasenana did not take long in his quest. He came back in four days and reported that the rescue mission would need more people. "Soorase-nana has taken the princess to a secluded island, and if I were to go there alone, I would be easily caught by the soldiers."

From the description he gave of the island, the king felt that Kantasenan by himself would not be able to achieve much. "What you say may be true," remarked the king. "You may go now."

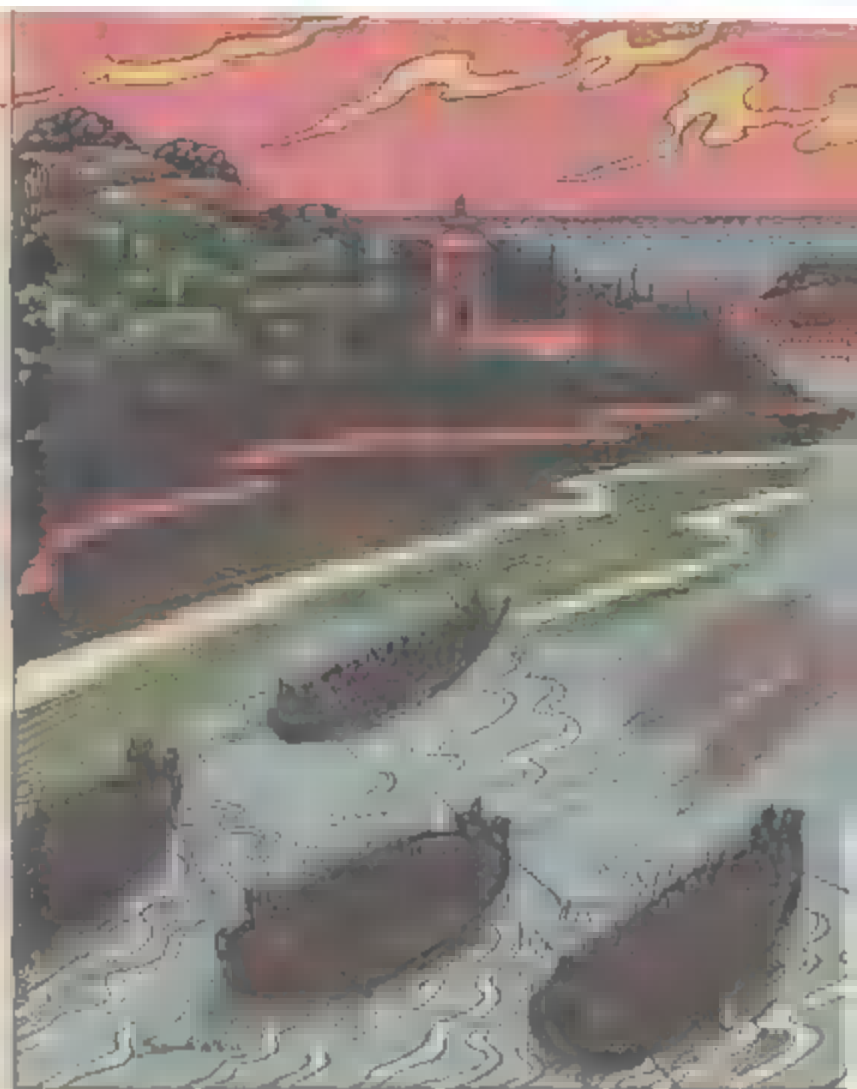
On his command, the minister called for the chief of the army and asked him to send to the island ■ hundred soldiers dressed as fishermen. They were to engage the guards in a fight and rescue the princess. The king approved of the plan.

The soldiers went in several boats and took the guards by surprise. They came back victorious, with the princess safe and sound. The army followed up the success by attacking Soorapuri itself and bringing it under the rule of Swarnagiri.

The king asked the minister, "Don't you think we owe this success to Govindavarman? Call him, let's compliment him and reward him."

But the minister thought differently. "My lord, if anybody deserves praise, it's Kantasenan, not Govindavarman."

The king thought for a while. "Yes, I think you're right." He called for Kantasenan and promoted him as chief



of the secret service, in the place of Govindavarman.

The vampire ended his narration and turned to Vikram. "Isn't it strange that according to the minister, the intelligent Govindavarman did not deserve any praise? And the king, too, agreed with him. Is it fair to have removed Govindavarman from his post and promoted Kantasenan? I'm sure you know the answers, but if you decide to keep silent, I warn you, your head will blow up into pieces!"

As usual Vikramaditya had ■ ready answer for all the questions. "It's true Govin-



davarman was clever, but was impetuous at the same time. Otherwise, he would not have set ablaze the forest surrounding the fortress in utter disregard of the safety of the princess. And he himself ran away from the place without attempting to rescue the princess, the purpose for which he was sent to Sorapuri. When Sorasenan realised that someone had found out the whereabouts of the princess, he shifted her from there. Kantasenan could easily guess this strategy. And he succeeded in

finding out where she was and knew the futility of himself alone venturing to rescue her. So, he went back and advised the king properly. The king could plan the next action accordingly, and with success, too. No wonder, the minister decided, a reward should go to Kantasenan and not Govindavarman. It's only fair that he was given ■ promotion."

The vampire knew that he had been outwitted, and gave the slip to the king once again, taking with him the corpse lying on Vikram's shoulders.

There is ■ place for everything, and everything in ■ place.

A man cannot serve two masters.



VEER HANUMAN

11

(Mount Mainak is obliged to Vayu, whose son is Hanuman. He wants Hanuman to rest on him for a while. But he is eager to reach Lanka before sunset. On the way he outwits Surasa, the mother of snakes, and kills the demoness, Simhika. On approaching Lanka, Hanuman finds the city impregnable. He engages himself in a fight with the city's guardian spirit, Lankini.)

Hanuman was immensely pleased with Mainak's gesture. He said, "Your kind words are themselves refreshing enough for me, as I am unable to accept your offer and rest on you even for a little while. I've resolved to reach Lanka before dusk. Hence I cannot stop on the way. I hope you'll appreciate the situation

and bear with me."

Hanuman affectionately touched Mainak and resumed his journey. Mainak and the sea blessed him: "Let your mission be crowned with success." As they watched, Hanuman disappeared in the horizon.

The gods and rishis, who were witnessing the scene, remarked,

CROSSING HURDLES



"It's only Hanuman who could have refused the offer of the mighty Mainak without displeasing him. Nobody else would have dared to do so."

Indra told Mainak, "You deserve praise for your nobleness. From today, you need not have any fear for me." Mainak was overjoyed at such an assurance from Indra, who had once threatened to cut his wings—in the days when mountains had wings.

As Hanuman proceeded further, some of the gods and the *gandharvas* wanted to put him to a test. They approached Surasa, the mother of snakes. "Hanuman, son of Vayu, the god of

Wind, is passing over the sea. We request you to assume a terrible form, and obstruct his way. We wish to see how he'll pass the test."

Surasa, in order to oblige the gods, took on a ferocious and ugly form and suddenly appeared before Hanuman. "Listen, O Hanuman, the gods have gifted you to me as my food. Come, enter my mouth, and let me gulp you."

Hanuman replied with humility, "Look here, I'm on a mission on behalf of Sri Rama, the son of the celebrated King of Ayodhya, Dasaratha. While Sri Rama was camping in Dandakaranya, his wife, Sita Devi, was kidnapped by Ravana. I'm in the course of my search for Sita Devi. In this noble mission, I seek your good wishes. I shall come to you on my return, if you so insist."

"That can't be. I've a boon that nobody can ever go past me. How can I render that boon go waste today? Be sure, Hanuman, I can't allow you to pass!"

Surasa's mouth was now wide open. It was like a huge cave. Hanuman suddenly reduced himself to the size of a butterfly and before Surasa could realise what he was up to, he entered her

mouth and came out of it in the twinkling of an eye. He then told her, "O daughter of Daksha, I entered your mouth, and I've also come out of it already, thereby ensuring that the boon you enjoy was not wasted. Now you must allow me to go!"

Surasa changed into her normal form and said, "O Hanuman! I wish you good luck. Return to Rama and Lakshmana after you have succeeded in your mission."

As Hanuman proceeded, he was seen by Simhika. The demoness thought, 'This flying creature might taste quite delicious. Let me have it.' She clutched at Hanuman's reflection on the water. At once Hanuman felt a pull, as if he was being drawn by a terrific force of wind.

Surprised, he looked all around. He saw the gigantic figure of Simhika in the sea below. He remembered Sugriva mentioning about this strange creature of the sea, who had the power to draw any object towards herself by laying her hand on the shadow of the object.

Hanuman suddenly enlarged his body. Simhika, too, did the same. She made her mouth wide enough to swallow up Hanuman



and advanced towards him.

Hanuman stormed into her mouth and, in the next moment, dashed out through her stomach like lightning, thereby putting an end to her. Blood gushing out like a stream, the body of the demoness floated on the sea.

Feeling relieved, Hanuman was once again on his way to Lanka. Soon he could see the wooded horizon. He could make out forests, mountains, and rivers flowing into the sea.

Hanuman thought it would not be wise to appear in his true form before the demons of Lanka. He, therefore, assumed an unimposing figure and descended on a hill near the sea.



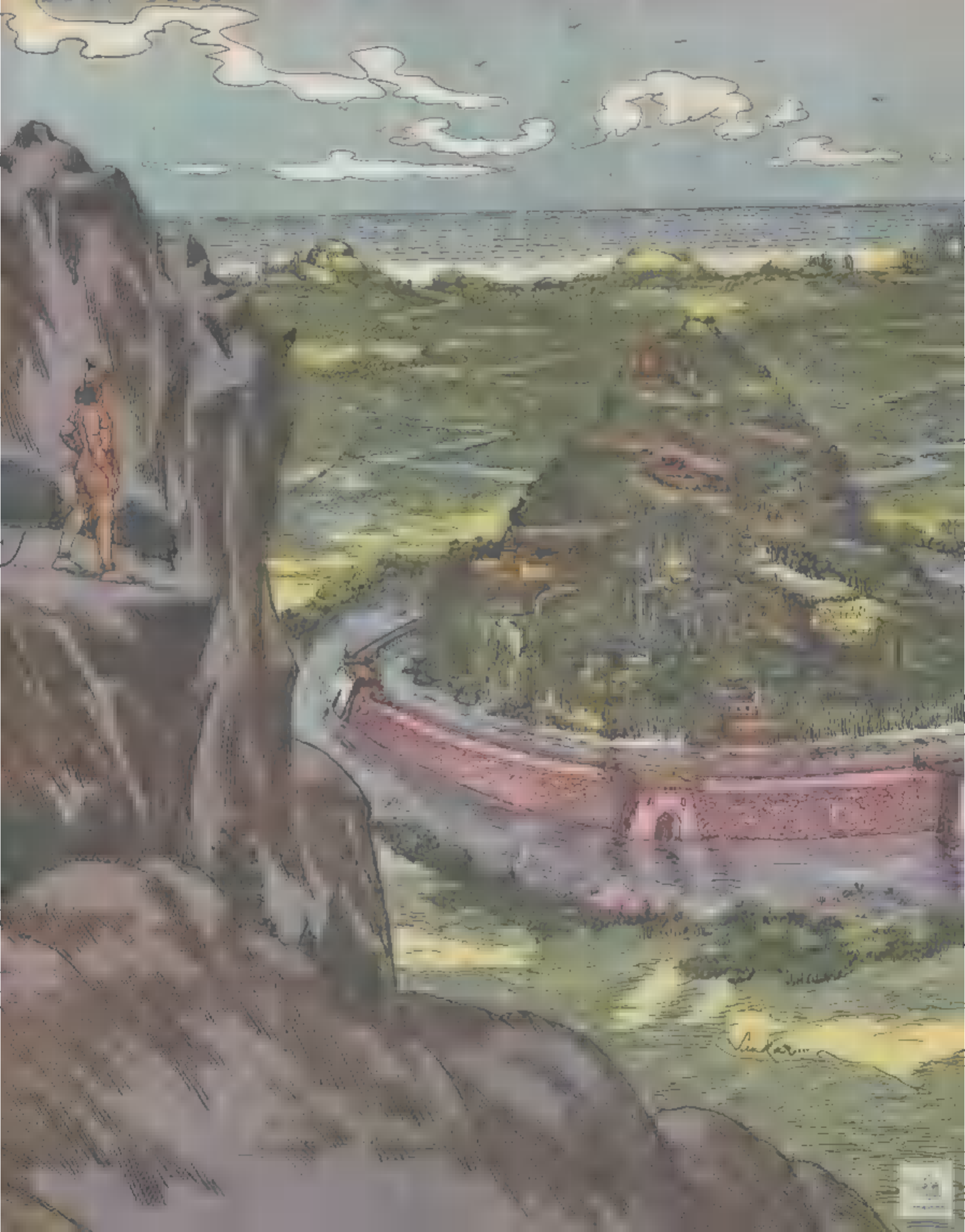
From there could be clearly seen the city of Lanka, which begged comparison with Amaravati, the paradise city of Lord Indra.

Lanka was situated on Mount Trikuta. As Hanuman advanced, the grandeur of the city was visible to him. There were innumerable orchards and gardens filled with chirping birds and fragrant flowers. It was, indeed, a charming city. He felt more and more happy as he went closer.

A canal ran all around the city. It abounded in lotuses and lilies. The wall around the city glittered like gold. Demons carrying arms guarded the entrances to the city. Broad roads led to beautiful mansions. Flags and banners

flew from every tower. As the city rested on a mountain, it appeared as though it floated in the sky! True, Viswakarma, the architect of heaven, alone could have created a city like Lanka.

Hanuman approached the northern gate of the city and tried to get an idea of Ravana's strength. He doubted if it would ever be possible for anybody to invade this city. Once Lanka had belonged to Kubera. Today it seemed Kubera would not find it easy even to enter it! There were poisonous snakes guarding the caves; and ferocious-looking demons guarded every part of the city. The sea protected it from any possible invasion. How then could the Vanaras enter the city, even if they were to come after successfully crossing the sea? It was doubtful if even the gods would be able to conquer Lanka. Sri Rama, no doubt, was great and mighty. Even then, would he be able to defeat the hordes of cruel demons? And proud as they were, they could not be expected to yield to any proposal for a dignified compromise. Neither could they be won over by diplomacy. Even a threat of battle would not bring about any change in them; nor





for that matter ■ battle itself! Besides, who ever could come here after crossing the sea? Except probably Angada, Neela, Sugriva, or Hanuman himself!

Hanuman did not, however allow himself to feel depressed. He thought: 'What's the use of brooding over such issues? First and foremost, I must ascertain whether Sita Devi is alive. If alive, I must meet her as fast ■ possible. Only after that can I decide the next course of action. I must not forget that determination and perseverance alone can achieve the impossible.'

So now, the question was, how could he enter the city? If he wandered in the city in his usual

form, he would in no time attract the attention of the demons. If he were to assume a tiny shape, it would take him a long time to comb the whole city. After some thinking, Hanuman decided to assume ■ size neither huge nor too small. 'I must not allow myself to be caught by Ravana's soldiers before I have even traced Sita Devi. Ravana is not the type who would show any consideration or courtesy towards an emissary.'

Hanuman waited till sunset. He then changed his form and bounded towards the city wall. The buildings now seemed even taller and the walls stronger. His misgivings about the possibility of attacking the city only increased.

Soon, moonlight flooded the city. Suddenly, Lankini the spirit guarding the city, appeared before him, and challenged him. "Who're you? What brought you here? You should have known that a stranger like you cannot enter this city without my permission!"

"I shall answer all your questions," said Hanuman, "but first, do tell me, who are you? What right have you to stop me and challenge me?"

"I serve Ravana, the mighty

monarch, at whose instructions I am guarding this city. My name is Lankini. No unwelcome person can ever defeat me or enter the city. Now, speak out what you have to say, before I kill you!" roared Lankini.

"Oh! I just wanted to see Lanka, that's why I've come here," replied Hanuman coolly.

"You can't do that unless you've vanquished me," retorted Lankini sneeringly.

"I assure you, I shall do no harm to you or anybody. I shall only roam about for ■ while and then depart," said Hanuman.

Far from conceding Hanuman's request, Lankini, with ■ fearful roar, gave him ■ blow. With ■ equally ferocious roar, Hanuman returned the blow by his left hand.

Lankini lay sprawling ■ the-ground with a painful cry. She muttered, "Please don't kill me. I

know your strength now. Lord Brahma had once told me that the day ■ Vanara defeated me, it would be the beginning of the downfall of the demons. It seems Ravana has invited misfortune on himself and everybody else by kidnapping Sita Devi. O hero! You can enter the city and roam about freely!"

Hanuman soon entered the city. As he walked along the main thoroughfare, he could hear music coming from the houses. They were decorated by flowers ■ well as jewels.

From ■ places were heard recitations of scriptures; from other places could be heard shouts and shrieks. Armed soldiers loitered in groups here and there.

'Now that I've entered Lanka, which at one time appeared inaccessible, I'll certainly be able to find Sita Devi,' Hanuman reassured himself.

To continue





Ali was a physician. Whether he had truly learnt the science of treatment or not is a different matter. The fact is, he had inherited the practice from his father who used to be a trusted physician. So far ■ Ali was concerned, it was more his style of speech, his showmanship, that retained his reputation.

One day he saw a villager passing by his house with ■ stack of dry wood on his donkey.

"How much do you expect for this?" asked Ali.

"One silver mohur, sir," answered the villager.

"Take it." Ali handed over a silver mohur. The villager was happy. But Ali asked his servants to take the donkey into his shed.

"Sir, I must take my donkey back!" said the villager.

"Did I not buy the donkey? I showed my finger not only at the stack of dry wood, but also at the

donkey! My servants are witness to this!" shouted out Ali.

"But, sir, you are only joking. I was out to sell dry wood and the lot I had would cost ■ silver mohur. How ■ anybody think that the donkey too was included in the bargain?" protested the villager.

"Well, I thought so! I don't know whether anybody else could think so or not! Now, get out!" said Ali with finality and he added, "There is a thing called clever bargain. I have just been the winner in it. Do you follow?"

The poor villager stood there for a long time, but to no avail. Nobody talked to him. He told the people of the neighbourhood about the injustice done to him, but they shrugged and went away. The villager understood that Ali was a very influential man and nobody would dare to raise his voice against him.

He complained to the local Kazi or judge. But the Kazi, who was Ali's friend, told him, "You should have been more cautious! When Ali asked you the price of your commodity, he must have meant the donkey along with the dry wood!"

The villager was at last returning to his village when he met an old man. "Why are you looking so sad?" the old man asked him. The villager narrated his misfortune to him. The old man advised him to complain to the Caliph.

The Caliph heard everything with patience. He then took the villager into a private chamber and instructed him on a certain

course to be followed.

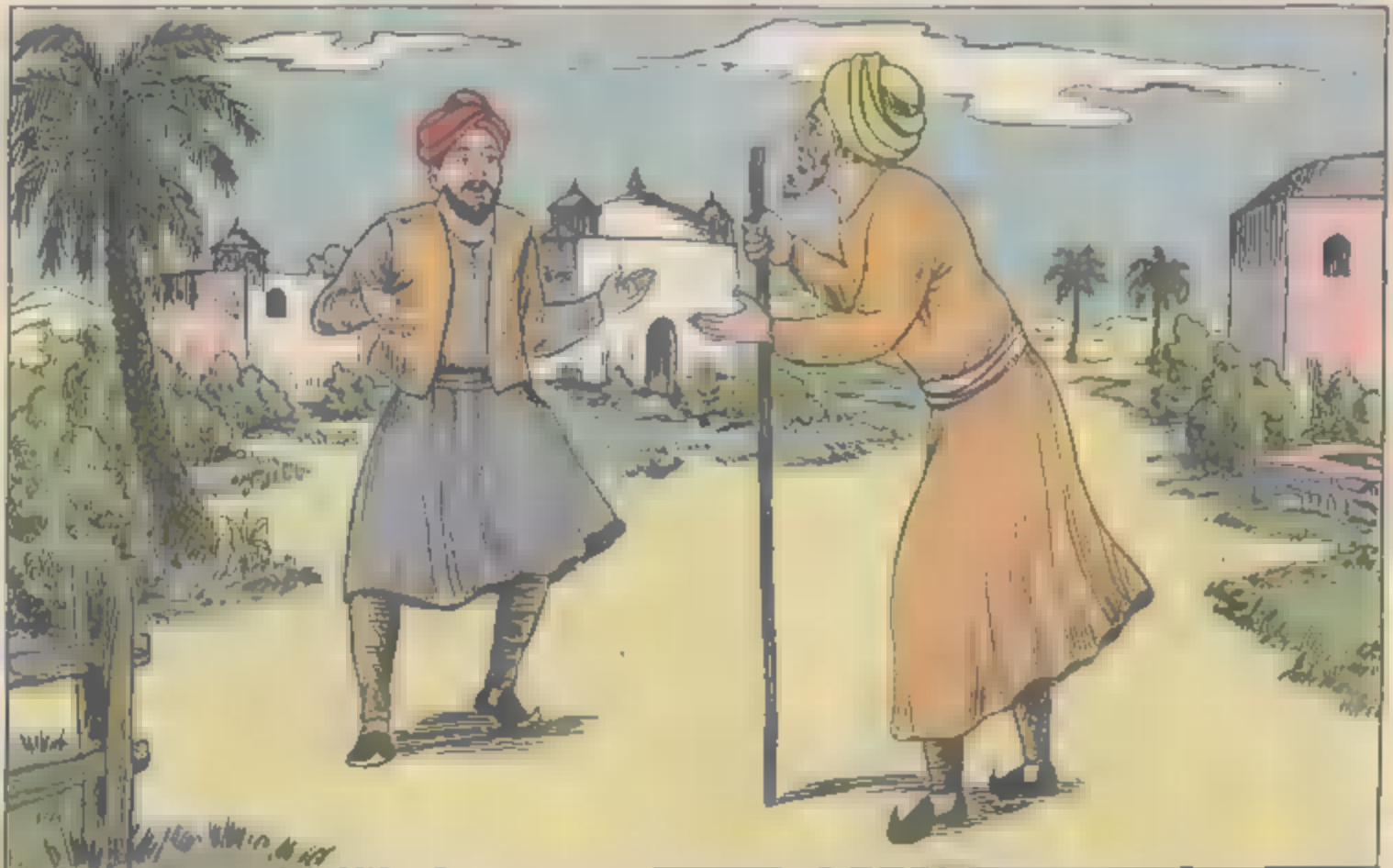
The villager donned a costly dress, trimmed his moustache and looked like a nobleman. With two courtiers accompanying him, he went to meet Ali the next day.

"Are you the famous physician Ali?" he asked the haughty fellow.

"I am your humble servant," said Ali feigning humility, under the impression that the man who met him was a wealthy nobleman.

"How much would you charge a month for serving my family?" asked the disguised villager.

"Well, I have charged a



hundred gold mohurs per month to a few other noble families. You may be pleased to give me the same amount," said Ali.

"Agreed. But you must sign this agreement. You must serve my family as long as I have not cancelled the agreement," said the villager.

"Gladly, sir," said Ali, delighted to earn a hundred gold mohurs a month. He signed the document. The two companions of the villager signed as witnesses.

"Follow me," said the villager.

Ali, thinking that someone in the nobleman's family was sick, brought out his medicine-bag and followed the villager.

But what is this? The villager lived in a hut! He was just a poor woodcutter!

"Now, Ali, chip this log till the sunset. Then wash the utensils. I will give you your daily routine tomorrow," said the villager.

"What is this? I meant to serve you as your family physician for a regular monthly fee! I will treat whenever someone is sick. I did not mean to serve as a domestic servant all the time!" protested Ali.

"I don't care for what you meant. I meant this when I offered you the job!" insisted the villager.

"Let us go to the Caliph," the two courtiers proposed. So they went to the Caliph's court.

"Well, Ali, if you meant the donkey along with the dry wood, what is wrong with this man meaning all your service instead of your service only as a physician?" asked the Caliph.

Ali hung his head. He was soon obliged to bring back the villager's donkey. He was also ordered to pay a thousand gold mohurs to the villager for the anguish the poor man had suffered.



THE PRINCESS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

The sun dipped over the hills. Dark clouds gathered in the sky. Lightning flashed, followed by the rolling of thunder. A fierce wind blew and it began to rain. A lonesome traveller on a handsome white horse stopped at the crossroads.

Who was he? He was none other than the brave young Prince Adwaita of Ujjwalpur. He had set out with his faithful horse on one of his long usual hunting trips. But alas, today he had lost his way. In the heavy downpour neither he nor his companion, the horse, knew which of the four paths led to the palace.

Suddenly he saw a bright light glowing far away in the darkness. With a flicker of hope that he might find some help, he rode towards it. Deeper and deeper he went into the dense forest. The light led him to a large pool of



water. The raging storm had by now become milder. And the young man beheld before him a wonderful sight.

Above the crystal clear water a host of glow-worms moved in a spiralling circle. In fact the wee little creatures seemed to be in their gayest of moods. They were dancing and forming beautiful patterns in the air. They glowed in fine rhythm, giving the impression of lilting music.

The prince looked on in amazement. He just could not draw his eyes away from the reflection of the glow-worms on the rippling water. "It's indeed a sight for the gods!" he exclaimed.



Tired and weary, he soon fell asleep, leaning against a tree, ■ the glow-worms continued to glow and glow all night long. At the crack of dawn, when ■ mild light played on his face, he woke up but remained still. For, from a bough above his head ■ strange conversation flowed down into his ears.

"Beyond the mountains blue," said the mother Parrot to her little one, "lives a beautiful princess, fairer than the spring day."

"But has she not found her prince charming?" asked her young one.

"Alas, great kings and princes

have all ventured into the enchanting kingdom. But none has succeeded in fulfilling the conditions set to win her," replied the bird in a sorrowful strain.

Now the brave young prince could contain himself no longer. Standing up he asked, "Parrot, Parrot, would you please tell me where lies the realm of the blue mountains, the home of the beautiful princess?"

"Follow the way the wind blows,

And the singing streamlet as it flows,

The maiden, lovelier than the loveliest flower,

Awaits thee in the tall palace tower."

Sweetly sang the parrot and the prince mounting his horse sped away with the wind.

He had travelled not for long when he reached a small clearing in the forest. There on the branch of the great banyan tree crouched a ferocious panther, all set to pounce on its prey. Below, at the foot of the trunk, sat an ascetic deep in ■ trance, unaware of the impending danger.

The panther leapt and Prince Adwaita in a flash shot an arrow that hit its mark. The beast fell dead in front of the hermit who

slowly opened his eyes. The youth bowed to him in reverence.

"You're brave and skilful and have indeed saved my body from being mauled by the beast," said the sage calmly.

"But haven't I saved you?" asked the prince rather puzzled at his statement.

"Even if the panther had killed me, only my physical body would have perished and not my true self. Water cannot drown it, nor can the fire burn it. It is immortal," replied the ascetic, happy ■ the question.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "for your good and courageous deed, you shall be fittingly rewarded."

The ascetic then went into the wee hut that stood nearby and returned with three magical gifts. A carpet that carried whosoever sat on it, wherever he wished to go. A golden bowl that provided as much food and water one desired, and lastly ■ lyre that played enchanting tunes.

"Take these three presents, O young man. They will be of great help to you in hours of crisis," he said and once again sat down and closed his eyes.

The white horse stood on the spread out carpet. The prince sat



on its back.

"Off to the mountains blue,
To the realm of princess true," he muttered. Higher and higher they rose into the sky and sailed towards the distant hills.

At dusk they reached their destination. Softly the magic carpet landed on the outskirts of the small kingdom. Not very far, beside a running brook stood a lonely cabin. Thrice he knocked and the wooden door opened with a loud creak. "Good evening, Grandma, would you mind giving me shelter for the night?" he asked.

"Do come in, young lad. Alas, there is not even a morsel of food



nor a drop of milk. Weary that you are, what can I offer you except a cosy corner by the fire?" said the poor old lady.

"Don't you worry, Grandma," said the prince. Taking out the second gift of the ascetic from his bag he said, "Golden Bowl, give us food and drink."

At once sumptuous meals on two silver dishes along with cups of honeyed drink appeared from nowhere. The good old woman had never tasted such delicacies ever in her life.

The sun had already set and it was gradually getting dark. Observing that his host did not bother to light the lamps, he

asked her the reason.

"No one in this region lights lamps when it gets dark," she replied. "For ■ nightfall, Princess Haimavati comes and sits on the topmost terrace of the palace tower. A pure white light emanates from her ethereal beauty. And everyone in the kingdom go about doing their work as though it is day!"

Soon there was a sudden dazzle and the whole region was bathed in a tender silvery light. Enthralled, Prince Adwaita shaded his eyes and looked at the princess. Her beauty bewitched him.

At midnight the princess descended to her chamber. The white glow gradually paled and then completely disappeared. It became dark and the kingdom went to sleep.

Much before dawn, the carpet with its master landed in the sprawling palace garden. In the tender light of the rising sun, Adwaita saw in a tank nearby, a host of red lotuses swaying in the morning breeze. "How beautiful are these flowers!" thought he.

"How dare you trespass into the royal preserve!" thundered a rude voice. It was the king's guard. He led Adwaita to the

king.

"Who are you, young man? Your appearance speaks of noble birth. What brings you here?" asked the king.

"I'm Prince Adwaita of Ujjwalpur. Your Majesty, I come to seek the hand of the princess," he replied with a graceful bow.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the king caressing his big round belly. "But are you prepared to fulfil the conditions? Mind you, if you fail, like others you too will meet a fate worse than human life."

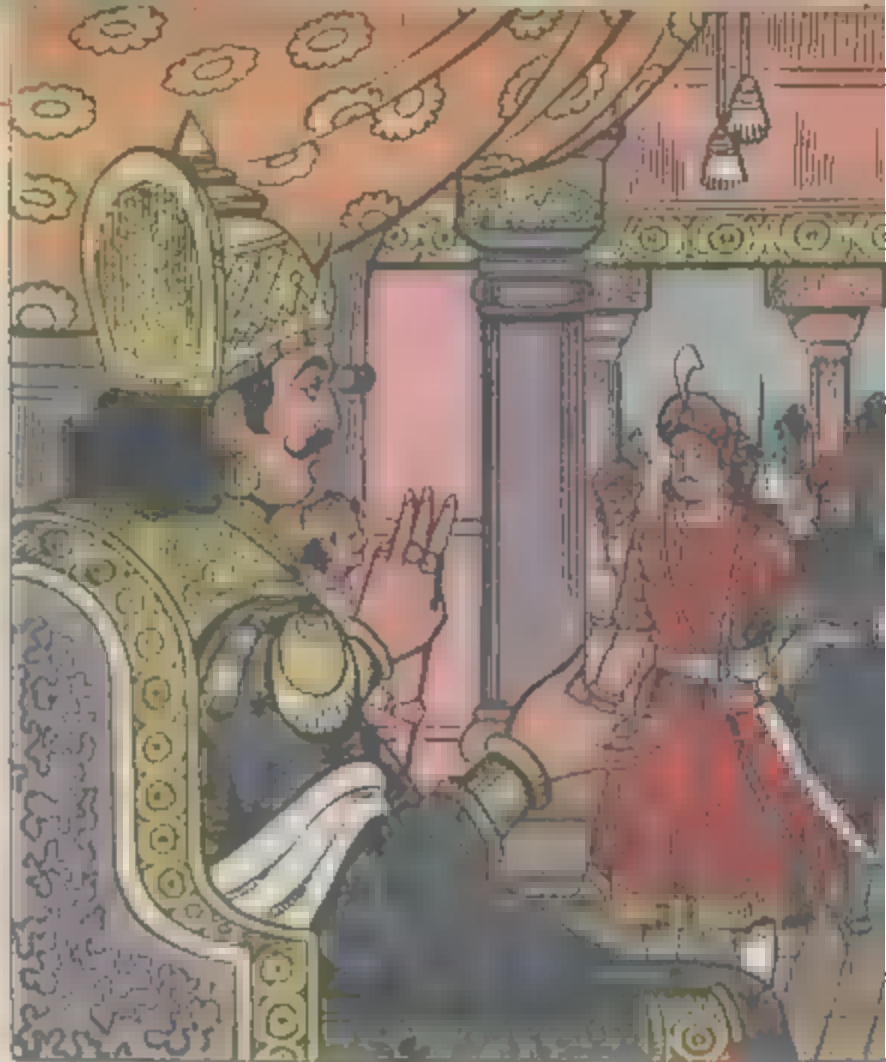
"Prepared, Your Majesty," replied Adwaita.

"Then bring us rain and let all our tanks be full to the brim. We're passing through a severe drought. I want this task completed by the morning," said the king.

At nightfall when all was quiet, Adwaita, sitting on his flying carpet, rose to the sky and sailed around the sleeping realm. Taking out his bowl he said, "Golden Bowl, rain water." There was at once a heavy downpour, so heavy that the people thought that the ocean was falling from the sky.

"So you've successfully passed your first test," remarked the king, quite perplexed.

"Your Majesty, I await to



know the nature of the second task," said Adwaita.

The king pondered awhile and then spoke. "In the forest there lives a dangerous demon. He has been a permanent menace to all of us. I want him to be captured, not dead but alive. Above all, he should be led into the kingdom a changed person, more gentle and humane."

On the morrow, well before the break of dawn the prince briskly rode to the forest. On entering it he heard a thundering sound, so loud that the earth shook with its vibrations. "That must be the giant snoring in his sleep," thought he and followed the



rumbling noise.

Soon he came to a great cave. "Who is there? I smell sweet human flesh. Oh! Oh! Oh!" rolled out the demon's loud voice.

Holding the third gift of the hermit, Adwaita said, "Play Lyre, play your enchanting tune."

Immediately ■ strange music emanated and the giant appeared at the mouth of the cave. He bowed to the prince, saying, "At your service, Master."

All were awestruck as Adwaita entered the royal city followed by the docile ogre which looked even more gentle than ■ lamb!

"My boy, you've indeed proved your mettle," said the king still bewildered at his miraculous achievements. "But," he continued, "you still have to pass ■ final test. Tomorrow, at day-break be present in the royal garden."

It was ■ quiet dawn. The cock was yet to crow and the little birds had just begun to chirp softly. At the edge of the tank in the sprawling green lawn, stood Prince Adwaita once again charmed by the sight of the red lotuses. Suddenly he felt ■ gentle touch ■ his shoulder. Turning back he saw standing before him Princess Haimavati.

"O brave Prince, answer my question. For if you fail to do so, you too shall change into one of those lovely flowers," she said in a clear sweet voice.

"O radiant Nymph, spell out the riddle and I shall solve it," said Adwaita in ■ confident tone.

"What is it that can never die? Neither fire can burn it, nor can it be drowned by water," asked the princess.

Adwaita thought awhile and then remembered his meeting with the hermit. "O Princess of the blue mountains, all you desire to know is,



Nothing else but God in you
and me,
You can neither touch Him
nor can you see.
Yet He sits deep in the hearts
of all,
And does guide us hearing
our ardent call."

The princess stood overwhelmed. "You've opened my eyes to ■ great truth, O my Prince!" she exclaimed.

No sooner had she uttered these words than, lo and behold, the red loutses changed into ■ host of handsome princes. For all those who had ventured to seek the hand of Princess Haimavati and had failed to fulfil the conditions had been turned into these flowers. And it had been prophesied that the day the Princess finds her Prince, the charm would be over.

There was much rejoicing and the wedding was held amidst great festivities.

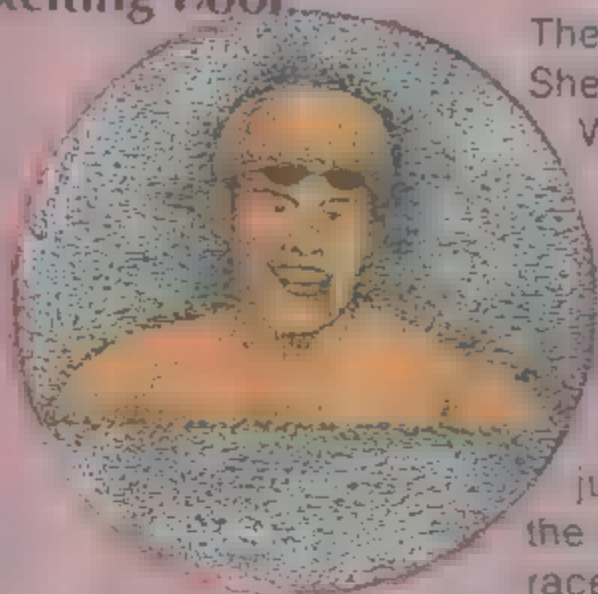
Five long years had lapsed since Prince Adwaita had left his homeland. The king and queen, taking him to be dead, passed their days in remorse. Night had set in and the people of Ujjwalpur were preparing to go to sleep, when all of ■ sudden the sky brightened up with ■ dazzling light. Everyone rushed out of their homes and beheld ■ marvellous sight.

They saw ■ beautiful carpet gracefully descending from the firmament. On it stood hand in hand Prince Adwaita and Princess Haimavati. Indeed, so brightly did the happy Princess shine that the moon felt shy and hid behind ■ cloud.

—Retold by Anand Kishore I ■

WORLD OF SPORT

Exciting Pool



The newly built Ponds Forge swimming pool in Sheffield, England, was holding its first ever World Cup meet. Among the participants was Canada's record-holder, Mark Tewksbury. He gave the pool what was described as "the perfect baptism" by breaking his own world record in 100 metres backstroke. His timing of 52.58 seconds was 0.13 sec. better than his world record made in Bonn just two weeks earlier. As he came out of the pool, Tewksbury commented: "It's a treat to race in such an exciting new pool."

The 'wunderkind' of Indian tennis, Leander Paes, who won the Wimbledon Junior Singles title last year, is a vegetarian by habit. Team manager Naresh Kumar wanted the boy to acquire more strength and sug-

Absent-Minded Doctor



not agree. Next day, it was fish. The stomach revolted again. The boy telephoned the team doctor all the way from Singapore where he was playing. He shouted, "But who asked you to take chicken and fish?" Young

gested non-vegetarian food for change. His father, Vece Paes, asked him to try chicken. The stomach did

Leander had a good laugh, for, the doctor was none else than his father, who had advised fish and chicken!

For Your Book of Records

Seppo Raty of Finland improved his world record by nearly 5 metres when he threw the javelin 96.96m on June 2 in Helsinki. His previous best 91.98m was in Japan in May.

Leroy Burrell (U.S.A.), ran the 100 metres dash in the new record time of 9.90 seconds. He ran with Carl Lewis (U.S.A.), who clocked 9.93 sec., which was one-hundredth of a second more than his world record of 9.92 seconds at the 1988 Seoul Olympics.





Long, long ago, a poor farmer lived in a village up in the mountains. He had three sons, of whom the elder two were intelligent, but the youngest one Kaisang, was rather stupid.

Strangely, he would not think of anything for himself; he seemed to have a soft corner for the villagers and he always went to their help, and had no time for his own family or to attend to their needs. Naturally, they thought that he was only a burden and turned him out to fend for himself.

Some of the villagers sympathised with his misfortune. They told him, "There's another mountain ten miles away; there in a cave, you'll find a sage. He is a great man and commands a lot of power. Maybe if you go and meet him, you might benefit."

For someone who had never

thought for himself, Kaisang did not have much hope. A mere meeting with a sage in a cave could not be expected to do any miracles, he thought. Or to be more realistic, he did not have that much imagination or intelligence to foresee a bright future for him.

He reached a village and found that all the inhabitants there, including the animals, were suffering from acute drought. There was not a drop of water in the lake the village had. The only inlet into the lake had dried up completely. Suddenly, an idea struck him. If he could meet the sage, he would ask him for help to secure water for the villagers.

After walking for a whole day, he reached another village. There at the outskirts, he came upon an old woman staying all alone in a hut along with her daughter. He



enquired with her about the sage. Poor woman, she told him that she had never once left the hut, as her daughter was blind from birth. She asked him to plead with the sage to bless her with eyesight.

With great difficulty, Kaisang somehow reached the mountain cave and met the sage. In his presence, the boy felt a lot of relief and peace. The sage spoke to him for a long time—about his village, his family, and the circumstances which brought him that far from his village. Kaisang did not forget to tell him of the drought-stricken village and also about the poor woman and her

blind daughter.

The old sage was impressed by Kaisang's sincerity and kind-heartedness. Despite his poverty, the boy was eager to go to the help of others. The sage recalled the many persons in high positions, as well as educated and well-to-do people whom he had occasion to meet, and remembered that none of them had exhibited any feeling for others. Whereas this youngster had started on his journey to seek a better life for himself. Yet, he was ready to forget that purpose for the sake of others, to find a solution to their problems. What ■ noble mentality, indeed!

The sage decided to help him as best as he could and gave him all the advice and directions that he needed. After paying his obeisance to the sage, Kaisang started on his way back. He first went to the village where the lake had dried up. He walked along the river that fed the lake and suddenly came upon a herd of elephants wallowing in the river and blocking the flow of water!

Kaisang went about collecting a lot of twigs and dry leaves and set fire to it. The moment the animals saw the fire, they came out of the river and ran away.

There was then ■ good flow of water in the river and soon the lake, too, had enough to feed the village. The people's joy knew no bounds. Kaisang thanked the sage in his mind for the advice he had given him.

Kaisang next proceeded to the village where the old woman and her daughter lived. They were happy that he had remembered them and come back with some hope. Kaisang went up to the blind girl and placed his right hand on her head. As if by miracle, the girl was no longer blind!

Kaisang revealed to the old woman what the sage had told him, that whoever would help her get eyesight would wed her and the two would enjoy happiness and prosperity for long. The old woman was greatly relieved to hear all this and arranged for their marriage. The villagers

blessed the couple and showered them with valuable gifts.

Kaisang and his wife then proceeded to his village. The people were surprised how ■ simpleton like Kaisang, whom they all had considered as quite useless, had earned a name and fame for himself. They received him with a warm heart, forgetting the past.

On reaching his home, Kaisang was embraced by his father with great affection. "We all had branded him as stupid. But look at him now! Would you still call him a nincompoop? He lived for others, whereas we all were selfish. I think ■■ must henceforth take him to be our model and change our ways altogether," his father said.

The two elder brothers, who were till then keeping silent, rushed to Kaisang and hugged him, and led him and his wife inside their house.



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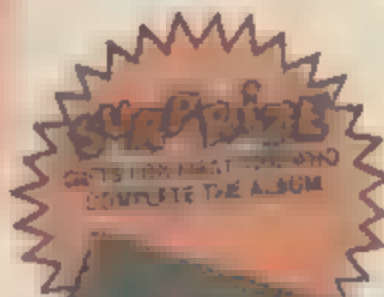
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The Winning Entry:— "CHILDHOOD BURDEN"— "CHILDHOOD PLEASURE"

PICKS FROM THE WISE

It's no use filling your pocket with money if you have got a hole in the corner.

—George Eliot

When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property.

—Jefferson

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul.

—Henry Van Dyke



TALLEST

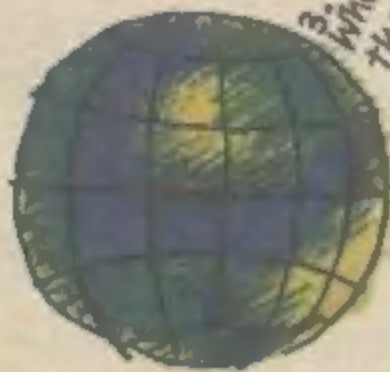
the tallest man in the world?

1. What was the height of

2. Move three buttons and make the triangle face the other way.

3. What is the distance between the Earth and the Moon?

4. Name the family of Angles.



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